

# The Sketch



No. 647.—VOL. L.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



LAST WEEK'S ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*





Idleness Bay Hotel.

NOW where am I? Let me give you a few hints. The background of the picture spread out before me is the sky. The middle distance is composed of the smooth, blue, sparkling sea. The sharp horizon-line is broken by long, sinister-looking objects which I know to be battleships. Had I not recognised them by their vague shapes, the constant *boom-boom* that has been shaking the walls and rattling the windows of the hotel all the morning would have been sufficient information. The foreground of my picture is a rough, unmolested beach. The nearer part of it is overgrown with coarse grass; the further is made up of undulating banks of pebbles. There are a few bathing-huts on this beach, but the bathers have deserted them these five hours. You see, there are so few of us at Idleness Bay that we all know each other, and, in consequence, are just a little shy of bathing at mid-day. We prefer to rise at seven, and slip into the water at that fresh, frigid, modest, conventional hour. At seven o'clock in the morning, any lady, it seems, may be excused for wandering about in a pair of bathing-sandals and her husband's mackintosh. At seven o'clock in the morning, again, any gentleman may be excused for walking about in a cigarette and pyjamas. Why these things should be so, I am not prepared to explain. It is sufficient for me that Mrs. Grundy has sanctioned such eccentricities.

Don't imagine, though, that we are "out of the world." On the contrary, we are in touch, at all times, with the highest forms of civilisation. Twice daily does the postman visit us, riding a bicycle that, for very shame of its age, has blushed a permanent red. Still, it carries the postman to Idleness Bay. Those of us, too, who have mastered the tricks of the place get, each morning, a newspaper. I myself shall have a newspaper to-morrow morning. Hitherto, I have been compelled to borrow, and it is nervous work reading a borrowed newspaper in a breeze. It is all very well to spread it out on the beach and put large stones on each corner. The time comes, unhappily, when it is necessary to turn over, and then the crumpling and the tearing that ensue are quite sufficient to alienate a summer-day friend at Idleness Bay. By the way, I must not forget to mention that we have a library. It is a fine library, containing upwards of fifty volumes. We pay twopence per volume for those in cloth covers, and a penny per volume for those in paper covers. There must be some snobs among us, I think, for all the eleven volumes in cloth covers are out. At the moment, therefore, I am languishing over a paper-covered edition of "Lady Audley's Secret." Miss Braddon, I need hardly tell you, is the mainstay of our library, as of many another seaside library. What a pity it is, as somebody said, that she has written so little!

A few weekly periodicals may be obtained, by the wily, from the post-office. The publications most in favour, so far as I am able to judge, are *Weldon's Journal*, *T.P.'s Weekly*, *M.A.P.*, and *Ally Sloper*. I bought *T.P.'s Weekly* and *M.A.P.* Amongst the entertaining clippings of which the former appears to be mainly composed I found some characteristically arrogant remarks by Mr. H. G. Wells on the subject of the ideal holiday. Mr. Wells lays it down in a manner that admits of no question—save on the part of the profoundly irreverent—that a holiday should be 150 miles long, that it should last a fortnight, and that it should be undertaken in a pair of thick boots. Moreover, the holiday should be in a beautiful foreign land. Well, as one of the profoundly irreverent, I will venture to assure Mr. Wells that his holiday would not interest me in the slightest degree. In the first place, I prefer that my holiday should be less than a mile long. Idleness Bay, for instance, with its seascape, its landscape, its quaint characters, its dreaminess, is quite big enough for me. I loathe walking. I like to lounge from the hotel to the village-shop, from the village-shop to the beach, and

from the beach to the hotel. And why, dear sir, should a holiday last a fortnight? At present I have been here five days, and it is quite on the cards that I may return to town to-morrow. On the other hand, if the weather holds, I may remain at Idleness Bay for a month. I refuse to stay as long or as little as a fortnight merely because Mr. Wells chooses to map out our lives for us as though they were County Council tramways.

What else? Oh, yes; this question of thick boots. Why, to begin with, boots? And, if boots, why thick? I should never feel that I was really making holiday if I wore boots. Directly I arrived at Idleness Bay, I dragged from my bag a pair of very old shoes that had once been white. The left shoe has a large hole in it that was made, two summers ago, by a playful puppy. The right shoe has a large hole in it that was made, two winters ago, by a hungry mouse. The left shoe is held together with a piece of string; the right shoe goes unlaced. Had I, by any chance, forgotten to pack these shoes, I should have been miserable all the time. I could have bought others, of course, but they would never have been so friendly and companionable. These old shoes have been to so many queer places with me that, like an old portmanteau, they form a record of my wanderings. As for a foreign land, I go to foreign lands for education, but not for rest. Cathedrals, and tombs, and strange foods have their values, but for recreative purposes they are, so far as I am concerned, quite useless.

The number of *M.A.P.* that I bought at the village post-office contained an interesting article by Mr. Bart Kennedy about the days of his youth. Amongst other things, Mr. Kennedy expressed himself quite frankly on the subject of universities. For his own part, he said, he was glad that he had not had his mind "crammed up with false notions of things and life that are ladled out by the stupid university professors." All the same, he did not want it to be thought that he was running down the university. He was not. He plainly saw its value. A young man often got a good position because of the accent he had acquired through being at one of them. In other words, Mr. Kennedy, after mixing with all sorts of men in all parts of the world, still believes in that indescribable, be-ridiculed, non-existent something known as the "Oxford manner." It is interesting to have discovered this weak spot in Mr. Kennedy's philosophical armour. But, to do it, I had to come to Idleness Bay.

In a copy of the *Daily Mail*, stolen from the house of an acquaintance whilst the acquaintance was sleeping off the effects of a disgustingly heavy lunch, I read two articles: one by Mr. Walter Slaughter and the other by Mr. Seymour Hicks. It seems that Mr. Slaughter and Mr. Hicks are about to collaborate in a new musical comedy to be called "Sunshine," and they are naturally delighted to feel that the whole work will be irradiated by the golden sunshine of their friendship. Mr. Slaughter tells with touching generosity of the help he has received from Mr. Hicks when he has been "stuck" for a melody. "Many a time," says Slaughter, "he has suggested slight alterations in the musical arrangement of some number which have utterly transformed it." I know nothing of musical composition, but I find no difficulty in believing that statement. Hear, now, Hicks on Slaughter. Writes the brilliant young actor-manager-author-composer: "Mr. Slaughter, unlike most composers, is thoroughly conversant with every detail of stage business, and when I take him the story of the play and discuss the scenes, he is frequently able to suggest alterations and new ideas which are of the greatest possible value." Could anything be more beautiful, more wholly sweet? I looked up from the paper with misty eyes, and wondered, as I gazed out to sea, whether the sunshine illumining the dancing waves did not come, in reality, from the hearts of Hicks and Slaughter.



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.



PRINCESS EVA OF BATTENBERG. PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG. PRINCESS MARY OF WALES.  
PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN, AND THE BRIDESMAIDS.  
*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Edbury Street, S.W.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Murder of M. Delyannis—The Corfu Palace—Gaming-Places in Spain and Portugal—A Floating Casino.*

AT one time I heard a good deal about the proposed gaming-house at Corfu which was the indirect cause of the murder of M. Delyannis, the Greek Premier. When it was known that Belgium intended to stop all public gambling within her borders, it seemed to the curious crowd of people who make a living out of any

big Casino that some country must be found where a new gaming-place could be established, and the efforts of these worthies to locate a suitable site were always reported through Clubland.



CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SCATHING REPORT ISSUED BY THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO CONSIDER THE QUESTION OF SALES AND REFUNDS TO CONTRACTORS IN SOUTH AFRICA: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B., CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE.

The Committee selected by the Army Council to consider questions of sales and refunds to contractors in South Africa comprised, in addition to General Butler, Colonel C. A. Hadfield, Director of Supplies and Transport, Major C. B. Little, of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, and Mr. H. J. Edwards, I.S.O., with Mr. H. E. Davies as Secretary. The conclusions the Committee arrived at were issued the other day in the form of a Blue-Book which can only be described as startling.

Photograph by Russell.

going to be devoted to public play. There were trente-et-quarante and roulette tables established in the Casino, the maximum at roulette was made double that at Monte Carlo, and the zero was abolished. Of course, the knowledge of this soon ran through the world of people who gamble; and as the Casino authorities offered large prizes for pigeon-shooting, it seemed as though the Spanish town was going to be a rival to Monaco. But the young Spaniards of good families began to play too deeply, there were complaints

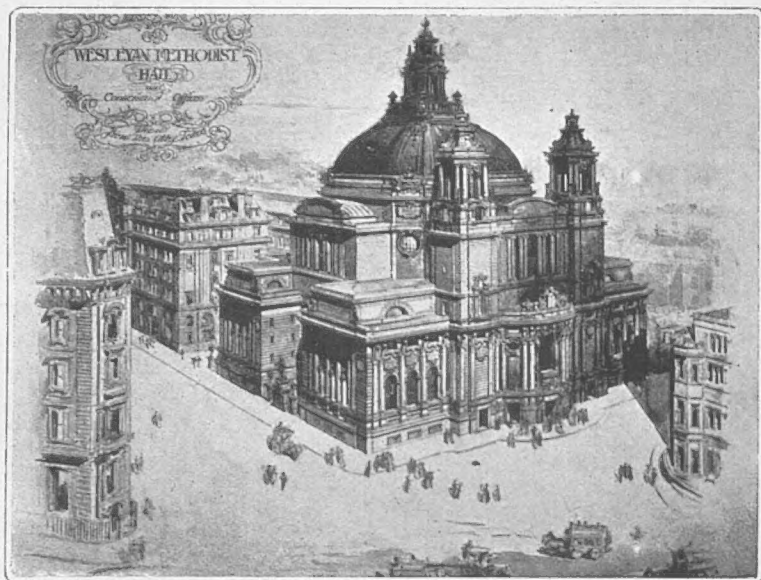
Corfu seemed an ideal spot. The island is a paradise, and the beautiful marble palace of the murdered Empress of Austria was for sale. It was a Casino ready-made, and the island was so conveniently isolated that the promoters of the scheme need look for no interference from the Greek Government if once permission to establish the "Cercle des Etrangers" had been obtained; but M. Delyannis turned a deaf ear to all the arguments, and disregarded the great sums of money which would have come into the Treasury, and one of the men who had expected to make in Corfu a colossal fortune, such as the one M. Blanc has amassed in Monte Carlo, killed him in revenge.

Corfu is not the only territory the gamblers have cast eyes on. It seemed at the beginning of this year as though San Sebastian was

made in the highest quarters, and an order came down from Madrid that the tables were to be closed.

Governments, even small ones, have consciences in these matters. It sounds charming to the Minister of Finance to think of some hundreds of thousands of pounds coming annually into the Treasury without having to tax anyone or anything, but the taint attaching to such a source of income is generally remembered in time, and the Ministers turn a deaf ear to their tempters. Portugal is one of the countries where the gamblers hoped that they might find their paradise. At Busaco, on the ridge where Wellington beat back the French, there is a beautiful building in the forest. This was intended first for a royal residence, then for a gaming establishment; but the Portuguese Government refused to allow any high play there. In Portugal it depends upon what party is in power whether there is any gambling or not. One party has quite Draconian morals in this matter; the other winks at play so long as there are no scandals.

Cascaes, on the sea-coast near Lisbon, the Brighton of Portugal, is a place where the gamblers would much like to pitch their

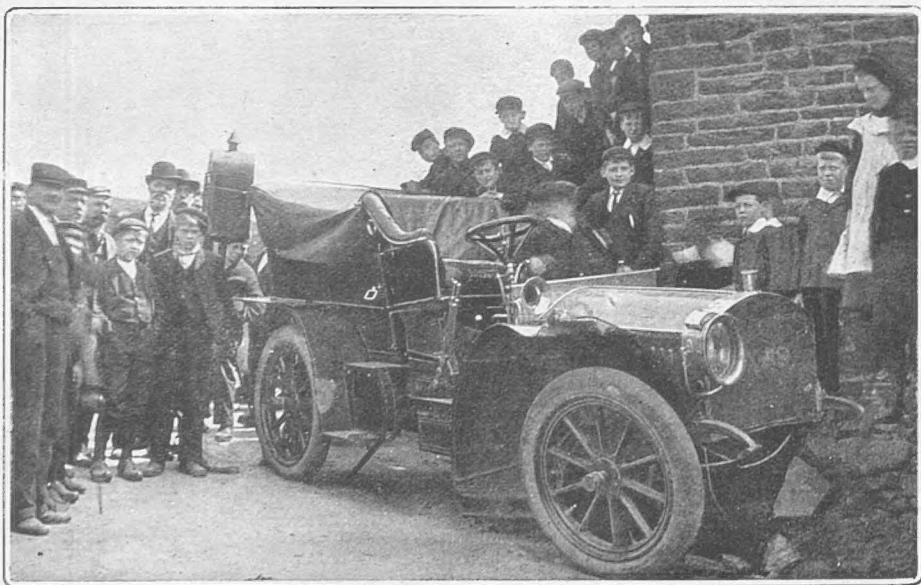


ON THE SITE OF THE OLD AQUARIUM: THE WESLEYAN METHODIST HALL AND CONNEXIONAL OFFICES, WESTMINSTER, AS THEY WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

tents. It is a lively little town, most of the Portuguese nobility have villas there, and there is a park which could be converted into beautiful Casino-grounds. The King of Portugal always goes there in September and November, and he, I am sure, would not like all the ugly surroundings of a big gambling-hell, the army of detectives, the suicides' corner in the cemetery, the cloud of birds-of-prey, male and female, brought into this little Eden by the sea.

I know that at the present time an Adriatic State is being very hardly pressed to allow a large Casino to be built on its territory, and I was surprised to learn how elaborate the plans of the promoters are, and how complete the schemes they have for bringing the world which gambles to the tables, for it is not enough to put up the wheels and spread the cards: all the railway and steamship services have to be made as quick and luxurious as possible, and this requires an immense amount of organisation. I have little doubt that the ruler of the State will eventually turn a deaf ear to the tempters, as so many other Princes have done.

There have been many fantastic schemes for establishing Casinos where no one can have a right to interfere with them. The one which is most frequently advanced is the conversion of a large ship into a floating Casino. The ship is to be always outside the three-mile limit of territorial water. The last time I read of this noble idea it was to be put in practice in America, but I have heard it suggested that such a vessel in the Straits of Dover might be a very paying property. The awful gang of sharpers which would congregate on such a vessel can be imagined, and a poor, plucked pigeon suffering from sea-sickness as well as from emptiness of pockets would have a dreadful time. Such a ship would be very carefully "shepherded," and all the nations would be as unwilling to have it mar their coasts as they were to have Rojdestvinsky and his unwelcome fleet.



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LORD AND LADY MINTO'S ELDEST DAUGHTER:  
LADY EILEEN ELLIOT.  
*Photograph by Bassano.*

is actually related to our Royal Family, and the Marquess de Soveral, without whom no Royal house-party would seem to be complete.

THE KING and Queen are entertaining a brilliant house-party at Windsor Castle in honour of Ascot. It is on such occasions that the Sovereign and his Consort repay the magnificent hospitality tendered to them by such great nobles as the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Portland, Lord Londonderry, Lord Cadogan, and Lord Derby. The Diplomatic Corps are always included, especially the Russian Ambassador, to whom the King loses no opportunity of showing regard, Count Mensdorff, who

General of Canada. Lady Minto has brought up her two elder daughters very simply; they are keen sportswomen and enthusiastic skaters—indeed, skating was their favourite amusement during the happy years they spent in the great Dominion. Lady Eileen helped her parents to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their great Colonial Tour, and the Princess is much interested in all Lady Minto's children.

#### *The King's Host at Harrow.*

Dr. Joseph Wood, who will entertain their Majesties at Harrow on Speech Day, is a Manchester man, and he is not an Old Boy of the famous school over which he has now ruled with such success for some seven years. It is whispered

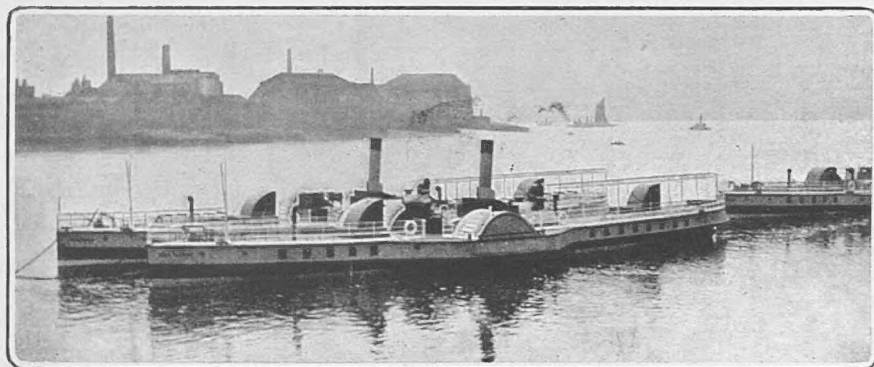
that Harrow's "Head" is known to the boys as "Joey"; be that as it may, he is strict rather than lenient, and is believed to cherish a good, old-fashioned belief in the saving qualities of the birch. Dr. Wood, like all modern headmasters, is a good athlete; but perhaps he attaches more importance to actual learning than do many of his colleagues, and he watches over the famous Vaughan Library, which has been well described as one of the sacred spots of Harrow, with loving care. The speeches are declaimed in a quaint-looking Greek theatre, not far from the spot where Byron used to lie on a tombstone and gaze over the marvellous view.



TO ENTERTAIN THE KING AND QUEEN AT HARROW: DR. JOSEPH WOOD, HEADMASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.

June 30th is Speech Day at Harrow, and the King and Queen will open the land recently purchased for the school on that date.

*Photograph by Haynes.*



THE "PENNY STEAMER" THAT CARRIED THE PRINCE OF WALES LAST WEEK:  
THE "KING ALFRED."

It was arranged that the Prince of Wales should inaugurate the London County Council's service of steamboats on the Thames by voyaging from Westminster to Greenwich on the "King Alfred," on Saturday last. The official programme stated: "His Royal Highness has graciously consented to be the purchaser of the first ticket issued in connection with the Council's steamboat service. This will be a ticket for the circular route between Westminster and Greenwich, available on the outward journey by steamboat, and on the return journey by tramcar. The fourpenny-piece and penny-piece in silver with which His Royal Highness will pay for such ticket will be preserved by the Council as a memento of the occasion."

*Photograph by Smith.*

#### *An Interesting Rumour.*

It is said that the King of Denmark is to pay his long-promised visit to England next month, and that he will be present both at Goodwood and at Cowes. If this is indeed so, our Queen's beloved father is sure of such a reception from the British people as is seldom accorded to a foreign Sovereign, however venerated. Her Majesty's loving devotion to her "ain folk" is one of the most human traits in her character, and one which has most contributed to the love felt for her in her adopted country. King Christian has only happy memories of England and the English, and but for his great age he would have been present at the Coronation, but such ceremonies are not fitted for the presence of octogenarians.

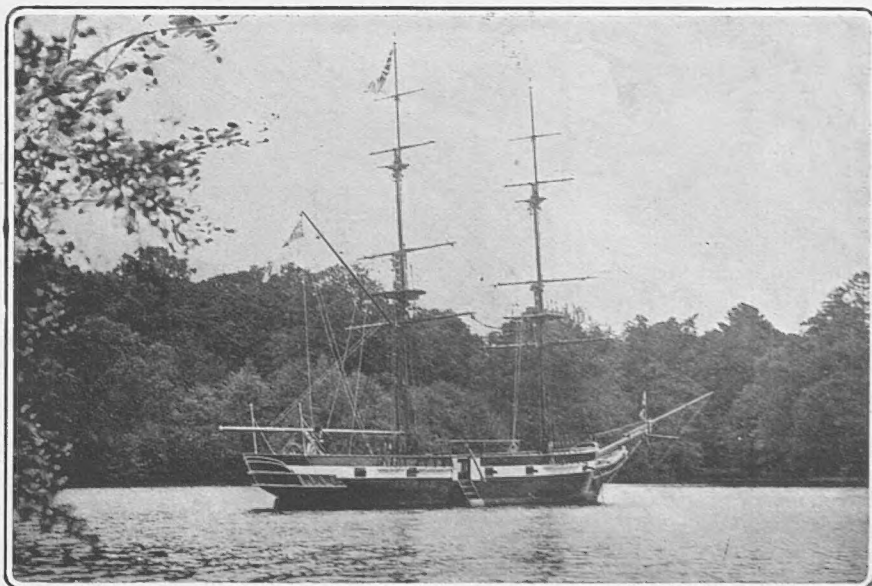
#### *To-day's Anglo-American Wedding.*

Captain F. E. Guest has followed his cousin the Duke of Marlborough's example, and chosen an American bride. A great Anglo-American gathering takes place to-day at St. George's, Hanover Square, to see Miss Phipps, the daughter of the multi-millionaire who is so very devoted to the Highlands, become daughter-in-law to Lord and Lady Wimborne. The Phipps family are already connected with the British Peerage, though that in a somewhat roundabout way, for the son of the house became last year brother-in-law to Lady Donoughmore, who is herself American.

*Lady Eileen Elliot.* The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Minto is said to be the most beautiful girl now in Society. Although she is somewhat past the debutante age, she has been very little seen in London, owing to the fact that, till lately, her father was Governor-

#### *Advanced Womanhood.*

Obviously, neither America nor Germany intends that its women shall advance too far if it can prevent it. Hoboken has an idea that it will enforce a law rendering any girl who stays out of doors after ten o'clock at night without a chaperon liable to arrest. At Dantzig, a discussion amongst the delegates of the Alliance of German Women's Associations as to the precise part man should play in the management of the household caused so much noise and excitement the other day that the police closed the meeting. It now remains to be seen which will put up the best fight—Hoboken or Dantzig.



PRINCE EDDIE'S FIRST COMMAND: THE MINIATURE BRIG AT VIRGINIA WATER.

As we have already noted in "The Sketch," a forty-two-foot naval picket-boat has been converted into a miniature brig for the use of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The little craft was constructed at Sheerness Dockyard to the order of the King, and is stationed at Virginia Water.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



### Lord Kitchener's Successor?

Not content with assuming that Lord Kitchener is desirous of resigning the position of Commander-in-Chief in India, rumour has now named his successor. Lieutenant-General Sir William Nicholson is the officer pointed to, and if there is any truth in the "Lying Jade's" assertions on this occasion few will gainsay that the choice is wise. Sir William is by no means a carpet-knight, for he has seen a very considerable amount of active service. He first smelt powder fired in grim earnest in the Afghan War of 1878-1880, during which he took part in the historic march to Kandahar; and he went through the Egyptian War of 1882, including Tel-el-Kebir; the Burmese and Tirah Expeditions; and the South African War, in which he was first Military Secretary to Lord Roberts, and then Director of Transport at Headquarters. Since that time he has acted as Director-General of Mobilisation and Military Intelligence at the War Office, and as British Attaché



A BIBLE PRINTED ON ASSES' SKINS: "THE DEVIL'S BIBLE" IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT STOCKHOLM.

Photograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

with the Japanese Army during the earlier part of the Russo-Japanese War.

"Mr. Speaker." It would have been remarkable indeed—or it would have seemed so, at all events, to those who believe in the strength of heredity—had James William Lowther not entered the House of Commons and made his mark there. Not only did his father represent Westmorland for five-and-twenty years, but his grandfather sat for the same constituency for five-and-fifty years. The new Speaker himself has a score of years of Parliamentary experience, years in which he has done much useful if, until recently, comparatively unobtrusive work that will stand him in good stead as the Commons' "mouth

to be signed. With the letter was enclosed a cheque for five thousand dollars. The answer came from Berlin by return of post, in the shape of a curt note from the private secretary, to the effect that His Majesty had neither the inclination nor the time to write articles for American newspapers; and at the same time the cheque was returned. The daring of the New Yorker was so colossal that one almost regrets that a favourable reply was not sent.

### Italian Opera in Paris.

The Italian Opera Season in Paris at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, which has just terminated, can hardly be said to have been a success. Paris flocked to it at its beginning, but gradually realised, to its

in the cricket-field; he is a good shot; he can act—indeed, only last year he played in a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" given at his Penrith residence, Hutton John—and he is Master of the Blencathra Hunt, which, by the way, has to follow its hounds on foot owing to the rugged nature of the country in which it is placed. Altogether, the House of Commons was wise in proving its rule not to elevate one who has served it as Chairman of Committees to the Speakership by making an exception on this occasion.

*Pushful America.* The German Emperor has played many parts, but, so far, he has not appeared as a contributor to an American periodical. It is not, however, for want of asking, for three weeks ago the editor of a New York paper, which is, above all things, sensational, wrote to the Kaiser, and asked him to be so kind as to contribute a column on the probable results of the Russo-Japanese War—the article, of course,

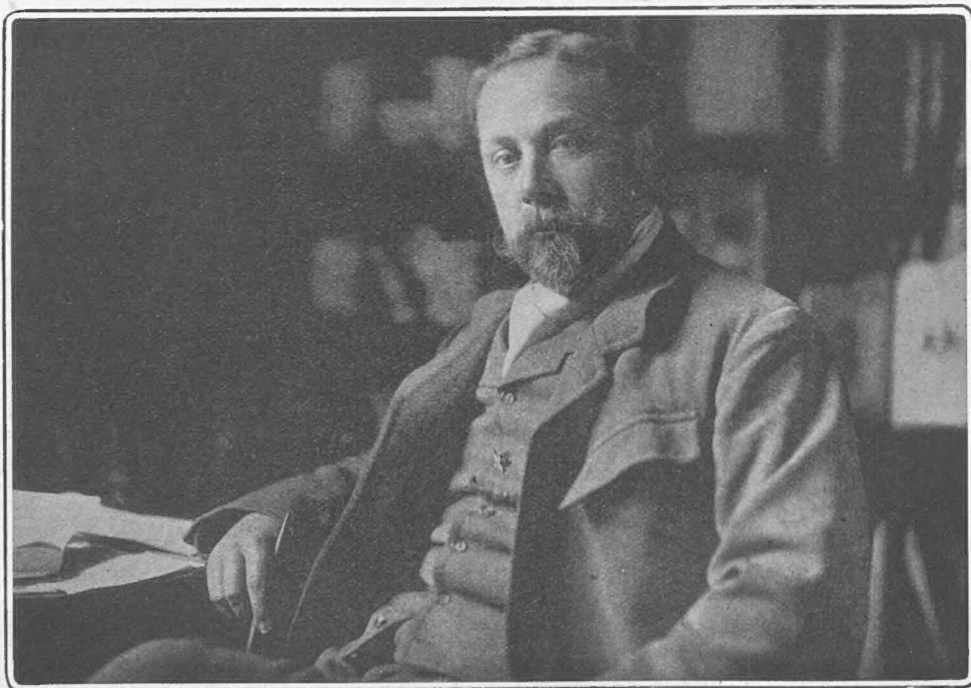


"THE MODERN DESDEMONA": MME. MOHAMMED BEN BULKHASSAN (NÉE CLARA CASEY).

"Miss Casey" recently married a Moorish acrobat named Mohammed ben Bulkhassan, went to Morocco with him, quarrelled with him, and then wrote to her parents, with the result that they demanded her return home. Miss Casey has now arrived in England, and discounts the stories that were afloat by stating that she was properly treated, that all the trouble arose out of a mere fit of temper, and that she wishes to return to her husband. She is now in the provinces, dancing in a place dealing with life in Turkey.

Photograph by "Topical Press."

or speaker," as they had it in Elizabethan days. "Trotted out" as a Charity Commissioner by the late Mr. W. H. Smith, at the suggestion of Sir William Hart Dyke, who saw in him a man with a good head on his shoulders, he was not long in making himself felt to such extent that Lord Salisbury entrusted him with the difficult office of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Ten years ago he became Chairman of Ways and Means and "Mr. Deputy-Speaker." He is a man of varied talents: his knowledge of Parliamentary procedure is very great; he has tact, and, when necessary, firmness, as was shown during the recent "scene"; at Eton and at Cambridge he made a creditable appearance



"MR. SPEAKER": THE RIGHT HON. JAMES WILLIAM LOWTHER, P.C., M.P.

Mr. Lowther entered Parliament for the first time, as representative of Rutland, over twenty years ago, and he has sat for the Penrith Division of Cumberland since 1886. He was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1891, and at the time of his election to the Speakership he was Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy-Speaker.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S ACTOR SON, GABRIELE STENO.

Signor D'Annunzio's son recently made a most successful appearance in a drama by his father, who doubtless hopes that his namesake will attain renown as early as himself. No living writer—save, perhaps, Rudyard Kipling—leapt earlier into fame than did Gabriele D'Annunzio. He was twenty when he published his first volume of verse, which made an extraordinary sensation, and he is still on the sunny side of five-and-forty. It is only lately that he has cared to appear in the rôle of the family-man.

Photograph by Alfieri and Lacroix.

surprise and not a little to its displeasure, that such former favourites as MM. Mascagni and Leoncavallo were by no means living up to their earlier reputation. Nor did Paris think much of "L'Amico Fritz," "Fédora," and "Zaza," but M. Giordano won back some suffrages with "Andrea Chenier" and "Siberia," the latter of which pleased both critics and public. As for "Chopin," by M. G. Orefice, the libretto of which is the work of Orvieto, the less said about this work the better. It conclusively proved that the music of Chopin written for the piano is a practical impossibility upon the operatic stage, and the libretto, a series of scenes from the composer's life, was exceedingly weak.



"Happy is the  
Bride—"

The Princess bride, if she be at all superstitious, must have recalled last Thursday the old adage, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on," for in the matter of weather Queen Victoria's proverbial good luck seems to have descended to her grand-daughter. In some ways the magnificent ceremony was quite strangely reminiscent of that celebrated forty-two years ago, when King Edward and Queen Alexandra were bride and bridegroom. Then the lately widowed Sovereign was present at the wonderful scene in the Royal Closet, from where she saw without her presence being necessarily noticed by those in the body of the Chapel below; and last week, by special request of the King, the venerable Grand Duchess Dowager of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, still in deep mourning for the late Grand Duke, occupied the same privileged position.

*The Scenes of the  
Royal Honeymoon.*

Neither of the mansions in which Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden are spending their honeymoon can claim the merits of antiquity in themselves, although both have replaced historic buildings. Saighton Grange, Chester, which was lent to the young couple by Countess Grosvenor and Mr. George Wyndham, is the descendant of the country house of the old Abbots of Chester, and was erected by the late Duke of Westminster. Adare Manor, the Limerick residence of the Earl of Dunraven, is the modern representative of that Desmond Castle from which the Earl of Desmond fled to Kerry,



THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING FOR WINDSOR ON THE TUESDAY BEFORE THE WEDDING: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT, THEIR DAUGHTERS, AND PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN AT PADDINGTON.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*

prey is the disconsolate widower of naïf disposition. So extensive, in fact, has this form of swindling become that the Paris police have given a nickname to the ladies in deep mourning whose business it is to make illicit means from others' grief. They call them "Les Tombales."

"Voilà Tout!" Madame Blanche Marchesi's desire to sing "impressionist songs," songs of which the music shall convey the desired emotion whether the words be understood or no, is altogether excellent. "When I sang 'The Snow,' by Signor Lie, in Norwegian," she writes in the *Lyceum*, "the people said, 'That sounds as if snow were falling,' and when I heard about that I went to bed happy." That is delightful. Then she continues: "The poem should not tell a story, but only speak of the one thing that comes, goes, creeps, is born, and dies away—and the music must make it all clear, and then the singer must concentrate completely, and must *print* with his voice in colours, shadows, sights, heart-beatings. Voilà tout!" "Voilà tout!"—that is delicious.

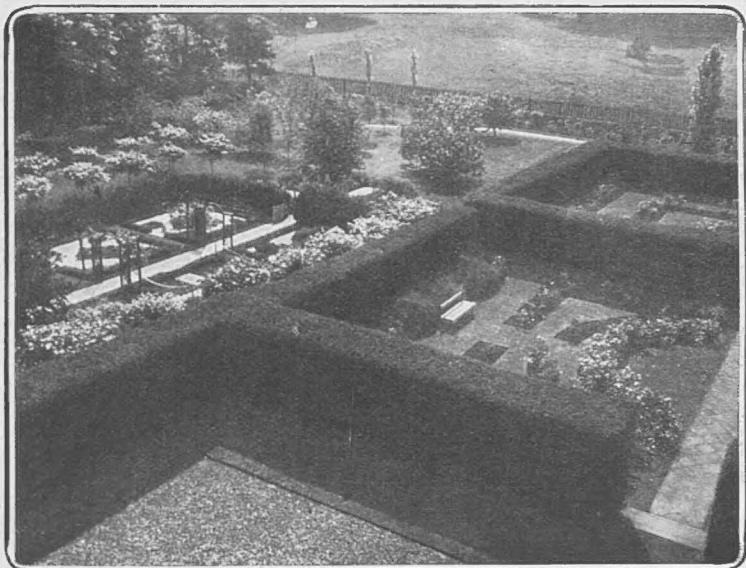
*An Ash-Bucket  
Burglar.*

Francis Gadd is a name that should go down to posterity. Its owner (or, for fear of libel, shall we say, one of its owners?) is a burglar. That is commonplace enough. It is his method of evading capture that is unique, that will enrol him among the Napoleons of petty crime. A lack of stature—he is of the build of a ten-year-old boy, although of middle age—has enabled him, he says, to escape discovery by contorting himself until he resembled an ash-bucket, and he claims that officious police have mistaken him for the family dust-bin on at least a dozen occasions; and, so, have passed him by. The music-hall comedian-detective who was wont to tell how he disguised himself as a piece of ash is more than rivalled!

to be killed by Ormonde. It owes its being to the second Earl of Dunraven, who justified in it his nickname, "the building Earl."

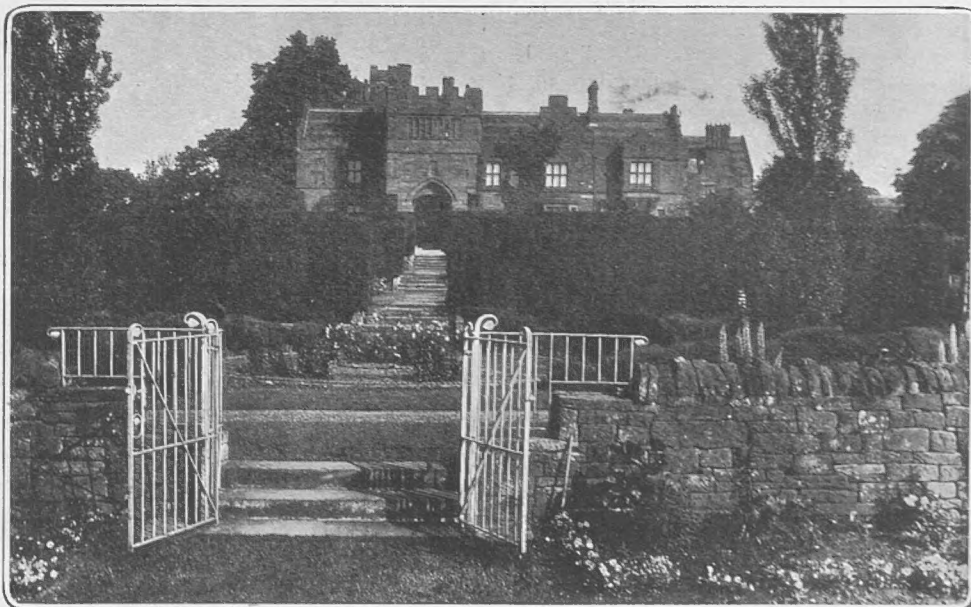
*The New "K.G."* The Crown Prince of Sweden became, in an official sense, Knight of the Garter on his forty-seventh birthday. His Royal Highness has been described as the most intellectually gifted of Heirs-Apparent. He has a clever, keen face, and his powers of work seem unlimited. For some years past he has relieved his father of much actual routine labour, and his liking for Sweden is such that he rarely leaves the country unless compelled to do so by urgent business. The Crown Prince's love for his three sons has been shown in all sorts of practical ways. He supervised every stage of their mental and physical education, and the closest affection and confidence reign between last week's bridegroom and himself.

*A New Swindle.* Paris has just learned of a novelty in swindling. A M. Clouvet, while praying at the grave of his young wife, noticed a lady, in deep mourning and in tears, who had deposited a wreath of immortelles upon the gravestone. She introduced herself as "Madame Bernier," a former school-fellow of Madame Isabelle Clouvet, and, after some moments' conversation, accepted the widower's invitation to lunch with him. They talked of the dear departed, and it was not until some hours after she had left him that the widower realised that "Madame Bernier" had taken away with her a box containing jewellery and money to the amount of some £400. M. Clouvet gained very little sympathy from the police, who told him that the lady was but one of a class of swindlers whose



WHERE THE FIRST DAYS OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN'S HONEYMOON WERE SPENT: SAIGHTON GRANGE, CHESTER—THE GARDENS, FROM THE TOWER.

*Photograph by T. Chidley.*



WHERE THE FIRST DAYS OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN'S HONEYMOON WERE SPENT: SAIGHTON GRANGE, CHESTER—THE FOUR TERRACES.

*Photograph by T. Chidley.*





THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY AT WINDSOR: GUESTS ARRIVING AT THE CASTLE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

*Lady Oranmore and Browne.*

Lady Oranmore and Browne, who, before her marriage, was Miss Olwen Ponsonby, is one of the most talented as well as one of the prettiest of Irish Peeresses. She shares her husband's love of amateur theatricals, and they both took part in the celebrated performance of Lord Lytton's "Money" given some two years ago at the Albert Hall. They live much of the year at Castle Macgarrett, one of the finest country-houses in Mayo. There they often entertain their English friends. Like her mother, Lady Duncannon, Lady Oranmore and Browne takes a very keen and personal interest in the Irish industries, and she pays her country the pretty compliment of wearing garments of Irish manufacture only.

*The Countess of Shannon.*

The Countess of Shannon was, before her marriage to the head of the Boyle family, Miss Nellie Thompson, and, in spite of her English birth and upbringing, the mistress of Castle Martyr, County Cork, has made herself much liked and respected among her husband's people. She has three children—a little daughter, who is seven years old, and two sons, of whom the eldest, Viscount Boyle, will be six in November.

*An Important Engagement.*

The betrothal of Lord Hyde is a great social event, for he was till this merry month of June regarded as one of the most eligible of bachelor elder sons. The future Lord Clarendon has chosen as his bride-elect a sister of Lord Somers, Miss Verena Somers-Cox. Lord Hyde's engagement was made known almost exactly on his twenty-eighth birthday. He is a very fine dancer, and when acting as "A.D.C." to Lord Dudley made himself very popular in the Viceregal world. Lord Somers's only sister is still on the right side of twenty; she is nine years younger than her only brother. Yet another engagement of considerable interest to Society at large is that of the Duke of Marlborough's only unmarried sister, Lady Nora Spencer-Churchill, to Mr. William Walsh.

*President Roosevelt and the Riding-Habit.*

The President of the United States loves running a tilt at abuses, but American womanhood will resent his strictures on riding-habits. A photograph has been solemnly destroyed by order of Mr. Roosevelt, because it showed him and—*inter alia*—a young lady reporter whose costume did not meet with the Presidential approval. The description of the riding-gown in question recalls the Kaiser's shooting-clothes, save that a riding-skirt was worn above the high boots. It is easy to imagine with what horror-stricken eyes our

*The Snobs of Ehingen.*

Ehingen, in Würtemberg, would be a delightful place to be poor in if certain of the inhabitants could have their own way. The *Telegraph* tells us that the more-moneyed ladies of the town recently petitioned the Municipality to reserve the public markets for an hour daily for them, so that they might shop "undisturbed by women of the poorer classes." It is to the credit of the authorities that they have duly snubbed the snobs by refusing to consider the request, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the snub was not veneered.

*"Warloosplaice."*

The newspapers of Madrid evidently share the prejudice of the newspapers of France in the matter of the spelling of English names. The *Noticiere* described its King as passing down "Marileboye," "Oxfourcyrcius," "Warloosplaice," and "Holbornevigatestret" during his recent visit to London. If we could only be sure that our nine-and-fifty alien "British Pilots" are in the same condition with regard to the shoals of our waters, we should be easier in our minds.

*A First-Night in a Booth.*

Monsieur Jean Lorrain, that most original of writers, has inaugurated a novelty by the production of his two-Act play, "Thécla, ou le Drame de Neuilly," in a booth at the Neuilly Fête.

Although given amid the roundabouts, the swings, and the shooting-booths of the great fair, which stretches down the two miles of the Avenue de Neuilly, from the Porte Maillot to the riverside, the actresses and actors engaged are among the best-known in Paris, among them being Mesdames Polaire, Marguerite Deval, and Louis Bignon and M. Burguet, of the Odéon, and the stage-setting is extremely good.

*The New Head of Haileybury.*

The passing of Canon Lyttelton to Eton College as Headmaster, in succession to Dr. Warre, has caused the translation—if one may use the word nowadays in connection with anything except bishops and moderate plays—of the Rev. St. John Basil Wynne-Willson to the famous college adjoining the Royal Borough. Mr. Wynne-Willson, who is an assistant-master at Rugby, was a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. He obtained Sir William Brown's medal for a Latin Epigram some sixteen years ago, and took his degree in the following year with a first-class in the classical Tripos. He was ordained deacon as recently as 1903, and became priest last year.



Photograph by Bassano.]

LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE.



[Photograph by Lafayette.

THE COUNTESS OF SHANNON.

TWO CHARMING IRISH PEERESSES.



WHERE THE GREATER PART OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN'S HONEYMOON WILL BE SPENT: ADARE MANOR, LIMERICK.

Photograph by A. H. Poole.



## "UNDER WHICH KING?" AT THE ADELPHI.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS HELEN CAMERON.

Helen Cameron, staunch supporter of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, has the misfortune to have a lover on the opposite side, Lieutenant Graeme, of the Scottish Horse Volunteers, and finds herself in the awkward position of having to decide between the love of man and the love of a cause. Lieutenant Graeme, who is bearing a despatch betraying the whereabouts of the Pretender to Colonel Eversdale, is detained in Moidart House by Cameron of Moidart and M. Latour, who contrive to drug him. As he falls asleep, he murmurs that he will be shot if he does not deliver his despatch. Helen Cameron then decides to carry the message herself, not knowing that by doing so she will harm the Pretender. For the purpose, she dons boy's clothes, and the hat and cloak of her lover.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

OF Army Reform we have heard as much of late as the greatest enthusiast could desire. Experts may tell us that most of these reforms have not travelled much farther than the paper to which they were in the first instance committed. But, after all, they have given much-needed occupation to a leisured class, and have provided the Fourth Estate with a bountiful supply of copy against dull seasons. Now we are startled by a really splendid idea that comes from no less an authority than Lord Roberts himself. He has not troubled us with vain words about matters that no plain man can hope to understand; he has contented himself with a suggestion of the first importance, one so simple that the man in the street will be surprised that nobody ever thought of it before. "Roberts, F.M.," thinks, in short, that we should learn to shoot straight. This suggestion has all sorts of valuable points about it. It smacks of novelty, but sounds feasible, and is not likely to be set aside even by the experts who strive to run the world from Fleet Street. Undoubtedly, if we are to have war for offence or defence, we shall be better able to carry it on when, as a nation, we can aim straight.

#### Unemployed Processions.

It is no pleasant sight for the Londoner to whom the gods have granted a sufficiency of the necessities of life to see the streets of London littered with out-of-work waifs and strays. In the June days that have been chiefly remarkable for mud and rain, these unhappy out-of-works have seemed more destitute than ever. But obviously the organisers of the processions do not know their business. Had they taken the men through England's agricultural districts, more particularly East Anglia, and had the men thus conducted been looking for nothing but work, the biggest procession would have tailed off into nothingness before many miles had been covered. The one refuge for the unfortunate men whom machinery has turned on to the streets lies in the land. It is not the easiest work, imaginable, and for the first few months the aftermath of town labour, of bad food, and insanitary surroundings, to say nothing of diluted beer and impure spirits, would make agricultural labour tedious and difficult. A season of patient practice would remedy all that. The land could offer healthy occupation, tolerable accommodation, and pure food. It can turn the slum children into healthy boys and girls—in short, it can provide the existence that has been the backbone of the country's greatness. The town is overstocked, but the country is crying for labour. If the leaders of the unemployed cannot realise this simple truth, the sooner they give up leading and return to honest work the better for all associated with them.

#### American Shrewdness.

In these days, when the hardest of hard work may fail to bring a competency to the worker, men turn to curious methods of making money. I notice that one gentleman lately associated with the First National Bank of Milwaukee has just been directed by one of the Judges of his own happy land to devote ten years to hard labour. The justification for this sentence lies in the fact that the prisoner has managed to relieve the bank of some £300,000. A man who could do this, even in a land where accounts are not so carefully audited as they are here, must be so well accustomed to hard labour that the sentence of the Court can bring him little hope of novelty. The style of hard labour will change, and that is all. Moreover, the penalty does not seem to fit the crime.

#### The Italian Robber.

Since an Italian railway company committed highway robbery upon me as I travelled between Genoa and Florence, I have lost no opportunity of demonstrating my unforgiving nature and warning the general public against Italian brigands who, though they wear an official uniform, are no better than their ancestors who robbed travellers without making any pretence to justification. Consequently, I was well pleased to read in a morning paper quite recently the story of an Englishman who, after registering his luggage between Bordighera and one of the big Italian towns, found that most of his valuables had been stolen. He protested vigorously in all directions, and his consolation has been such as he can derive from an official statement to the effect that these robberies have been very frequent of late. I fancy that even our least-popular suburban line would hesitate before giving a traveller who had paid his fare and registered his luggage nothing better than information that robbery is very plentiful just now. It is common knowledge that Italy depends largely upon her tourists, that they bring very many thousands of pounds into the country in nearly every month of the year. I am not going to say that I have not met tourists in Italy whose destruction would tend to the general improvement of the race, but even these benighted people should be destroyed, if at all, by due process of the law; the railway companies have no authority to prey upon them. I should like to see some very effective protest lodged against the present methods of Italian railways, and, failing that, the advice given by "Mr. Punch" to those about to marry might very well be extended to those about to travel in Italy. There are still countries in Europe where courtesy and consideration to travellers have some part in the conduct of the railway services.



THE FIRING OF 16½ TONS OF EXPLOSIVES IN ABOUKIR BAY: THE GIGANTIC WATER-SPOUT CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION.

Photograph by Aziz and Doris.



THE FIRING OF 16½ TONS OF EXPLOSIVES IN ABOUKIR BAY: CAMELS TRANSPORTING THE HUGE CHARGE TO THE SHORE.

The 16½ tons of explosives recently fired in Aboukir Bay once formed the cargo of a native sailing-boat which was wrecked by collision, and were recovered from the sunken vessel only to be found too dangerous to be kept. The explosives were accordingly taken from Aboukir Fort, sunk in 15 feet of water, and fired by means of electric wires from the Fort. The explosion, which shook many of the buildings in Alexandria, will necessitate a new sounding of the Bay.

Photograph by Aziz and Doris.



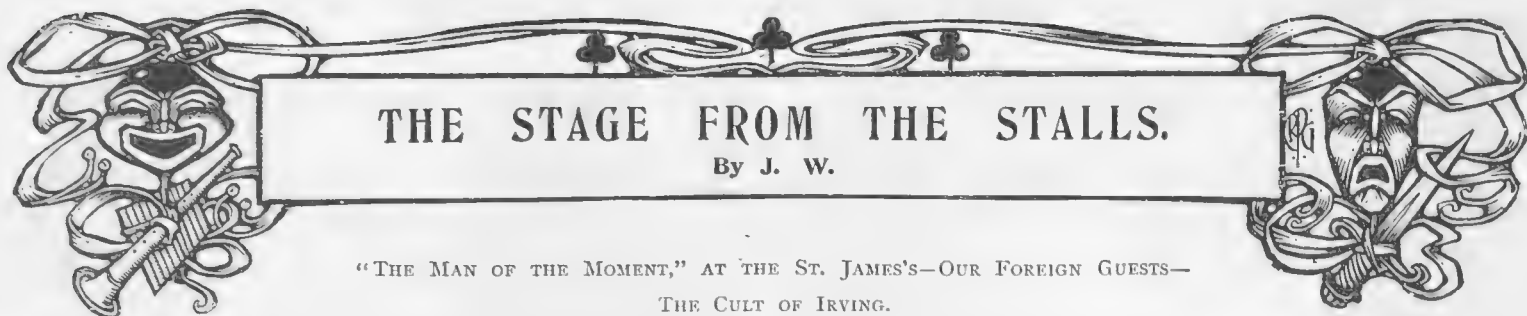
## "UNDER WHICH KING?" AT THE ADELPHI.



1. Helen Cameron (Miss Lily Brayton) kisses the hand of the fugitive Prince Charles Edward Stuart (Mr. H. R. Hignett), of whom she is a strong adherent.—
2. —And is amazed and angry to find that her lover, Lieutenant Alan Graeme (Mr. Walter Hampden), has joined the Scottish Horse Volunteers.—
3. When she discovers, however, that Graeme, having been drugged by her father and M. Latour, cannot carry the despatch with which he has been entrusted to Colonel Eversdale (Mr. Oscar Asche) and is likely to be shot in consequence, her disgust at the fact that he is on the side of her enemies is overcome by her love for him, and she disguises herself in male attire and carries the message for him.—

4. —As she leaves the house she is shot in the arm by one Dugald, who has been watching lest by any chance the despatch-bearer should escape from the house, and on arrival at Colonel Eversdale's quarters she shows signs of fainting. Eversdale, who, in brutish fashion, is in love with her, bathes the wounded limb, and, later, endeavours to keep her in his quarters.—
5. —Swayed alternately by love and passion, Eversdale seeks at first to hold Helen Cameron by force, threatening that unless she agrees to marry him he will betray not only her lover, but the Pretender. In the end, however, he repents, burns the despatch that tells him where the fugitive Prince is hiding, and lets Helen go free.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery.*



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.

"THE MAN OF THE MOMENT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S—OUR FOREIGN GUESTS—  
THE CULT OF IRVING.

A FRENCH actress doing her best to be English, assisted by an English Company doing their best to be French, should be a spectacle remarkable enough to draw to the St. James's the multitudes who have refused to be lured to "John Chilcote" by the prospect of enjoying two Mr. George Alexanders on the stage at one time. These experiments are interesting, even though they may not satisfy those who have cravings for good, straightforward, non-experimental native plays, and do not take it as a recommendation that somebody will attempt to do something which is not in accordance with the clearly expressed will of Heaven. There is a quotation from the collected remarks of Dr. Johnson which might come in here were it not that it deserves a rest. I will do my best to keep it out: yet it is most apt.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "—" But Dr. Johnson had no manners. What he might have said about Mme. Le Bargy playing in English may be disregarded. It is no mere pandering to the spirit popularly known as the "Ongtong cordial" to say that she is a delightful figure, and only the more delightful as her frail and delicate vivacity is contrasted with the British robustness of her surroundings. It is good that Britons should be robust, and Miss Granville and Mr. George Alexander are quite right not to be ashamed of showing it; but one sympathised and feared, as for a piece of precious china which had strayed into whatever may be the technical name for a bull-shop. It was an interesting study in the mixing of temperaments, and, incidentally, quite an achievement on the part of Mme. Le Bargy, even though she did not seem quite at her ease, and took some time to adapt her new language to the requirements of the theatre. Whether it was, from the point of view of drama, worth achieving is another matter, which, with an eye on the *entente cordiale*, I will refrain from discussing.

The play, which is practically a translation of "L'Adversaire," by MM. Capus and Arène, by Mr. Harry Melvill, divides itself into two distinct parts. The first part is preliminary, explanatory, and unsatisfactory. Capus at his best is probably untranslatable, and if much of this is his work the wit has been lost in the process, and the rest must have been written in one of his "off" moments, for it is strangely lacking in technical skill. The object is the very common one in French or any drama of showing how a strong, silent husband alienates by want of tact a wife who has been drawn into bad company, and leaves the way open for the lover; but the illustration is somewhat crude and the dialogue is often stilted and too obviously directed to the enlightenment of the audience. In the last two Acts, however, the play begins to think: the motion for discussion being that woman must forgive man, but man can never forgive woman; and the end is separation, with no hope of reunion. Here, at last, was life and emotion and a point of view; but in English the discussion loses half its meaning, for the point of view is French; and even in French it must seem a little out of place in the mouths of such characters as the authors have painted. A play cannot be constructed in two water-tight compartments, with all the thinking in one and nothing but commonplace in the other; and this play makes so little preparation, in the behaviour of the husband and the wife, for a serious ending that the general effect is one of slightly bewildered surprise.



THE SERVANT IN "ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE": MISS HILDA TREVELYAN,

Who plays Richardson in Mr. Barrie's "Page from a Daughter's Diary."

Photograph by Hutchinson and Stensén.

Like the actress, the problem—if problem is the proper word for the undisputed declaration of a law before which everybody bows down—does not seem to find itself quite at home, either in the play or at the St. James's; but it provides two good acting-scenes which give Mr. Alexander the chance he wants and rouses the hitherto gentle and dainty Madame Le Bargy to a fine frenzy of tearfulness and despair. Miss Bella Pate-man, as the mother-in-law, Miss Granville, as the representative of the wicked world, and Mr. George Giddens, as a friend of the family, all made up their minds to be English from the first, and did their duty in not very hopeful parts, though Mr. Giddens managed quite neatly the little hints that came in here and there of M. Capus in his lighter and more attractive mood.

The foreign invaders who have succeeded in getting a foothold at the St. James's have meanwhile been proceeding elsewhere on their triumphant career. Duse, at the Waldorf, has been delighting us with the pure comedy of "La Locandiera," and making our blood freeze with the tragedy of "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; while at Terry's Réjane has been giving us a week of her brilliant "Madame Sans-Gêne," tempered by long delays and intervals—which, it is to be hoped for her own sake and the sake of her audiences, were corrected after the first-night—and also by a broadening of the farcical humours of the character which is unworthy of her art. We do not in this country require the "trying on" scene of the first Act to be taken in such a pantomimic key as apparently is thought necessary. The vulgarity of "Sans-Gêne" where it is studied from the life is delicious; but this is another kind of vulgarity altogether. However, it does not last long, and the rest is Réjane at her best.

Before leaving the question of our foreign guests, I should like to give a word of recommendation to the afternoon recitals at the Criterion, at which Madame Leblanc-Maeterlinck is giving fascinating and enthusiastic little lectures, on her husband's poetry and illustrating them with the help of a very beautiful and sympathetic voice. It is a study in the deep and mysterious things which a real worshipper can see in a few simple words; and if we cannot ourselves see them all, Madame Maeterlinck puts the case with such charm that we feel that the fault must be ours alone. The lecture is delivered with almost as much sense of dramatic effect as the songs, and I trust her audiences are now considerably larger than the one before which she first appeared. The other event of the past two weeks is a matter for history rather than dramatic criticism. The cult of Irving developed into an orgy on the last night of his season at Drury Lane, which is likely to be handed down to posterity as a thing which has never been surpassed. It may be equalled when it is announced that Sir Henry is making his last appearance: meanwhile, we have been saying, fortunately, only "au revoir" with a fervour of wild enthusiasm which not even the most descriptive of descriptive reporters has been able to exaggerate.



MISS EVIE GREENE, WHO BEGINS A TOUR WITH HER OWN CONCERT PARTY TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Miss Evie Greene is to go to America early in September, and she is devoting the time between now and then to a tour with her own Concert Party. Her only appearance in London on this occasion will be at the Queen's Hall this afternoon. Flying visits will be paid to all the large cities and towns.

Photograph by Lemellieur.



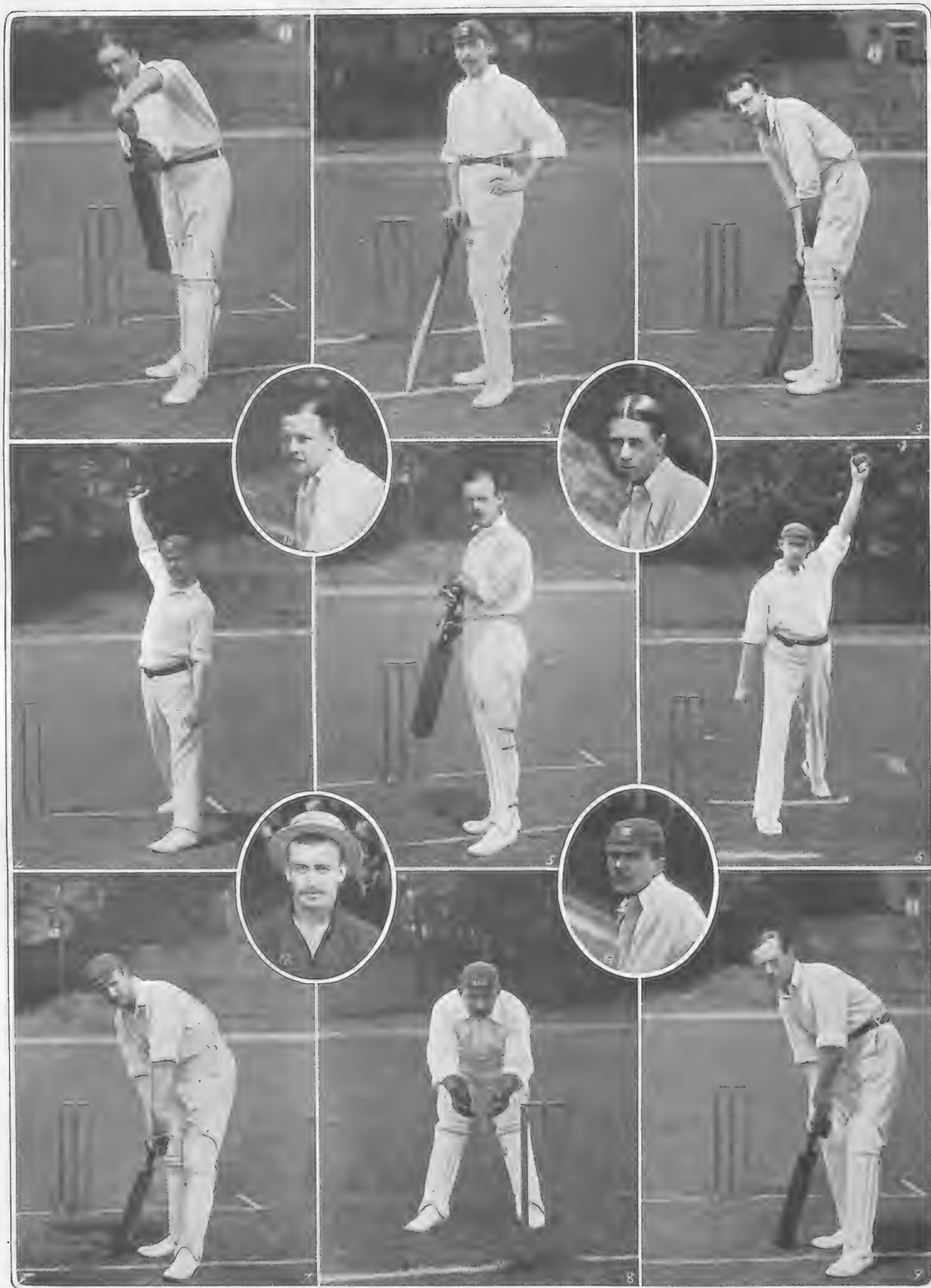
MID-VICTORIAN FASHION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.



THE CRINOLINE OF TO-DAY.

*Photographs by Boyer.*

PROBABLE OPPONENTS OF THE AUSTRALIANS TO-MORROW:  
SOME PROMINENT ESSEX CRICKETERS.



1. MR. G. TOSETTI. 2. C. P. BUCKENHAM. 3. REV. F. H. GILLINGHAM. 4. W. REEVES. 5. MR. F. L. FANE (CAPTAIN). 6. H. YOUNG. 7. MR. P. PERRIN.  
8. E. RUSSELL. 9. MR. C. MCGAHEY. 10. E. H. D. SEWELL. 11. MR. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS. 12. MR. A. J. TURNER. 13. H. CARPENTER.

*Photographs by Foster.*



ITALY OFFERS A HINT TO ORGANISERS OF BRITISH CHARITY ENTERTAINMENTS:  
INGENIOUS "LIVING-PICTURES" AT MILAN.



A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY TRIPTYCH.



MME. VIGÉE LE BRUN IN HER STUDIO (EACH PICTURE REPRESENTED BY A LIVING PERSON).

Milan was recently the scene of a charity entertainment in which some most ingenious "living-pictures" played an important part, the originals being reproduced to perfection. The works represented, in addition to the two we illustrate, were Marcel Bieder's "Dante Weeping for Beatrice," Holbein's "The Ambassadors," Makart's "Triumph of Venice," "Serenade," and Frank Dicksee's "Symbol." The entertainment produced ten thousand lire for the benefit of the charities of the city.

*Photographs by Ganzini.*

SOME BALL-ROOM TYPES: PARTNERS WE HAVE ALL MET.



I.—THE LANGUID AND SUPERIOR PERSON.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



THE UP-TO-DATE ALIEN.



ENTERPRISE FROM ITALY.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THAT contributions to the biography of Stevenson should be published in such numbers is a proof of the deep impression which Stevenson's personality, quite as much as his books, made upon the world of readers. The latest contribution, "Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific," by Arthur Johnstone (Chatto and Windus), may be said, on the whole, to justify itself. Though oddly and quaintly written, it summarises the facts with great care, and seems to arrive at just conclusions. The most interesting and the most important part is the chapter on the Damien letter. Mr. Johnstone takes up the position that both Dr. Hyde and Stevenson did injustice to Father Damien. It appears from Stevenson's letter to Mr. Sidney Colvin that he believed about Damien: much as Dr. Hyde believed. But Stevenson could excuse him, and Hyde could not. Stevenson wrote: "Of old Damien, whose weaknesses, and worse, perhaps, I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant—dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candour, and fundamental good-humour."

Mr. Johnstone gives good reason for supposing that the one charge that can be made good against Father Damien is that of dirtiness. Mr. C. B. Reynolds, an official of the Board of Health at Molokai, who was for years in constant contact with Father Damien, and was, perhaps, better acquainted with the priest than was any foreigner without the precincts of the island, carefully sifted the gossip and rumours and slanders attaching to Damien's name. He states explicitly that he never heard from anyone in the settlement any charge of immorality against Damien. "Had he even made a slip in his conduct in that mixed community, which included representatives from the various sects of religion in the islands, or if there had been anything of the kind hinted at there, it would have been commented upon, and in my official position I could have easily elicited such condemning testimony had it been in existence." Further, on the ample testimony of others, corroborated by his own knowledge, Mr. Reynolds declares that the priest was not an untruthful man, nor given to verbal misrepresentations, even where the temptation existed. That he was careless of his person—nay, that he was a dirty man, living a coarse, pig-like existence among his festering patients—is amply proved by the testimony of both lepers and officials. Again there is no exception, and the testimony from the settlement is conclusive. This is the grain of truth to be found in the accusations of Dr. Hyde and Stevenson.

As to the wisdom of Stevenson's interference in island politics, Mr. Johnstone is more than doubtful. He thinks, however, that some of Stevenson's best work was done in the volumes he devoted to Polynesia. Stevenson had planned a prose tragedy, or a prose epic, with his favourite Polynesians as the basis. He intended to put his strength into a masterpiece reflecting all the beauty and

travail of the island life, its meritorious deeds, and innumerable misdemeanours and flagrant crimes—the veritable tragedy of the people fated to go down before the advance of Western civilisation. Up to the time of his death, as he said himself, he had scarcely touched the outskirts of that life, "a hotbed of strange characters and incidents." He meant evidently in his story, "Sophia Scarlet," to experiment with more complex conditions, and especially with the foreigner placed in contact with savage surroundings.

Lord Rosebery's suggestive and racy speech delivered to the Booksellers at Edinburgh went very far indeed in denying the value

of the criticism passed upon authors by their contemporaries. He said that there can be no literary reputation worth having till after a span of time much longer than the three score and ten of ordinary life, that until, say, a century had elapsed it was absolutely impossible to say what was literature and what was not. If this dictum is to be interpreted literally, we cannot yet say that the greatest achievements of Scott, and Byron, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Shelley, and Keats, and a hundred more, are literature. And we are not at liberty to say that the trashiest production which issues from the press is not literature. Which is absurd. The truth is that the most enlightened judgment is very rarely at fault. There is hardly any great writer who has not been immediately recognised by the discerning few. It is they who count in the long run. Every innovator—that is, every genius, for genius always innovates—has to fight the prejudice of the established schools and to teach readers the value of his contribution. But when a new planet swims into the skies, there are always eyes to recognise it and voices to acclaim it.

Lord Rosebery was on much surer ground when he said that, from the author's point of view, the first half of the last century represented the high-water mark of literature as a commercial undertaking. Messrs. Longmans gave the poet

Moore £3,000 for "Lalla Rookh," which Lord Rosebery thought might be represented fairly by £8,000 or £10,000 now. Scott poured forth poems in quarts, and for all these there was a remuneration not inferior in proportion to the size of the book. In these days, people had not many books to choose from, and those who bought books were prepared to pay the price for them. Whether they read poetry or not, they certainly purchased it. I doubt, however, whether any poet of these times received in the end anything like so much as was paid to Tennyson. For many years before his death, the poet drew some £4,000 a year from the sale of his volumes, and this went on even in years when he published no new book. For his novels, Scott received what would even now be thought magnificent prices. But he and a few others monopolised the market. The total sum paid by publishers to novelists in 1904 must be many times the sum paid to Scott and the rest in Scott's most prosperous year.

O. O.



GREAT THOUGHTS—AND THEIR THINKERS. VII.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



## SCOTCH HUMOUR!

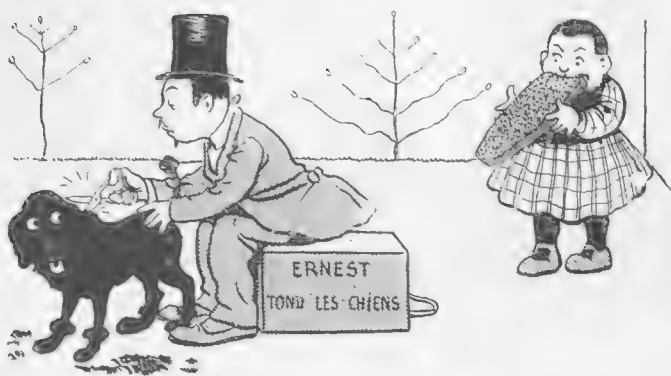


THE NOVICE: Do you think this is a likely spot, McTavish?

McTAVISH: Weel, Sir, I wouldna say but what it was, mebbe. They likely places is often likelier than the likeliest.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM PATTERSON.

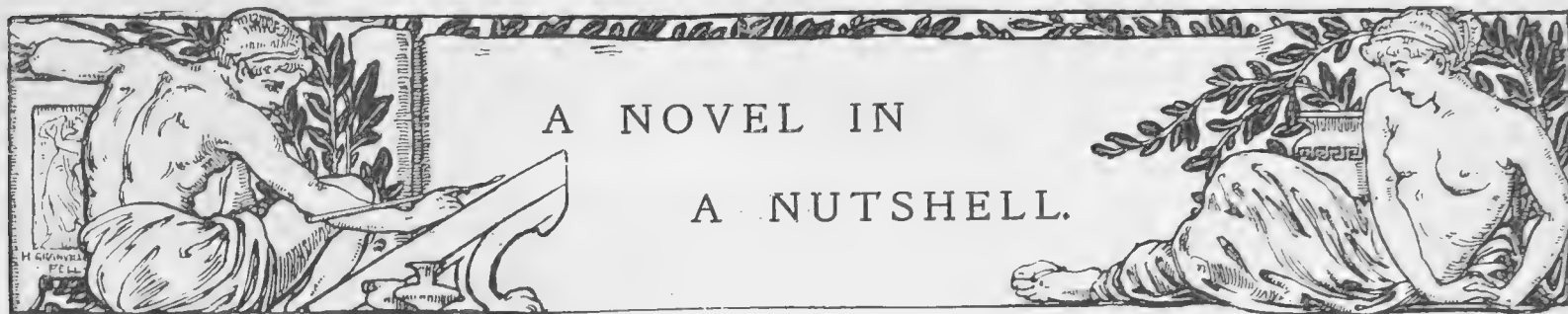
## BEARDS WHILE YOU WAIT—AGE NO OBJECT!



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.





## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"JOHN ACKERMAN."

By W. L. ALDEN.

"DOCTOR! I want you to tell me whether I am sane or insane." The man who spoke was middle-aged, and wore a look of extreme anxiety. Dr. Brownell, the eminent specialist in diseases of the brain and nerves, smiled at the questioner, and replied, "I think I can assure you, without going any further, that you are perfectly sane. It is only the sane person who doubts his sanity."

"Wait till you hear what I have to tell you," exclaimed the patient, "and then, perhaps, you will change your opinion. I am generally thought to be a cool, clear-headed man, but at this moment I strongly suspect that I am simply a lunatic."

"As you know, I was a successful solicitor, until I retired from business four years ago—about the time when I made your acquaintance. While I was supposed to be a man without a particle of romance in my composition, I had one weakness, which I now suspect to have marked the germ of lunacy. I had a curious longing to lead two lives at once. The stories which came to my knowledge from time to time of men who lived one life under one name, and at the same time another life under another name, fascinated me. Could I be at one and the same time George Russell, of Bayswater, the well-known and respected solicitor, and John Smith, of Bloomsbury, the popular music-hall singer, I felt that my ideal of existence would be realised. I knew perfectly well that this was little better than childish nonsense, but the idea was constantly recurring to me, and I used to dream of its realisation, as children dream of the joys of being cast on uninhabited islands and living over again the experience of Robinson Crusoe."

"When I finally retired from my profession, I determined to make an attempt to become a story-writer. I fancied that I had sufficient imagination, and believed that, with persistent effort, I could learn the art of story-telling. To my surprise, my first story was accepted, and the editor who accepted it wrote me a letter full of encouragement. That decided the future for me, and I saw my way, not only to making a modest reputation as an author, but of leading the dual life which had so long allured me."

"As an unmarried man, living in chambers, I might have pursued my story-writing at home, without fear of disturbance or of discovery, for I was anxious that it should not be known among my friends that I, George Russell, was the story-writer who signed himself 'John Ackerman.' I was resolved that I would separate George Russell as widely as possible from 'John Ackerman.' One morning I disguised myself elaborately with spectacles, a full beard, and a wig, and, slipping out of my door unseen, I made my way into the next street, where I took a cab, and drove to Chelsea. There I soon found a room that suited my purpose. It was plainly furnished, and was at the back of the house, in a quiet street. I promptly took it for a year, paid three months' rent in advance, and stipulated that I should be free to enter or leave the house at any hour without inquiry. I rather think that the woman who let the room fancied that I was engaged in some illegal pursuit, but she evidently cared little about her lodgers, provided they paid their rent and avoided making a disturbance in the house."

"To this room I removed my writing materials, and in it I set myself at work to become a popular story-writer. I think I may say that I succeeded. At any rate, there was soon a demand for my work, and I soon became well known, even if I was not hailed with enthusiasm. I worked hard, for I liked the work, and it had been my habit to work hard all my life. I never went to my Chelsea room except in my disguise, and I never returned to my own chambers without first divesting myself of my beard and spectacles. This I could easily do in some unfrequented street, or in the gardens of the Embankment. I was never, so far as I know, detected in the act of changing my appearance in the street, and I took a childish pleasure in the act. When I passed an acquaintance, while wearing my disguise, and saw that he did not recognise me, I was delighted. This, you will say, was childish. I wish that were the worst that could be said of it. It may have been the first symptoms of insanity. But of that you can judge better when you have heard all that I have to tell. In the meantime, remember that I was born into the world an idealist,

a dreamer, a sentimentalist; and that, circumstances having made me a shrewd, prosaic solicitor, the romantic side of my nature had faded out of sight. But when I abandoned my profession and was a free man, the romance again asserted its hold on me, and with the more avidity because, for so many years, it had been sternly suppressed. I was like a foolish young man who has been strictly brought up, and, suddenly finding himself his own master and free to do as he pleases, plunges into all sorts of folly. I was plunging into the only kind of dissipation that had any attraction for me. I was living a dual life, and enjoying it intensely. Whether that was insanity, or merely silliness, I must leave you to judge."

"I had been a successful author for nearly two years when I fell on a bit of orange-peel and broke my leg. Before it was fully mended I contracted pneumonia, and came very near dying. Then I was sent away to the seaside for a couple of months, and from first to last I did not touch pen to paper for nearly half a year. In the meantime my mind was active, and I was constantly thinking out the plots of new stories, and inventing scenes and incidents to be used later on. One day, I was astonished to find in a new magazine a story signed with my pen-name, and written in exact imitation of what I was pleased to call my style. I was sure I had never written the story. It was one of many stories on which my mind had dwelt while I lay in bed with a broken leg, and its appearance in print was a mystery to me. However, I finally decided that I must have written the story and forgotten all about it. It annoyed me to think that my memory could thus play me false; but I could find no other explanation of the fact that the story was actually in print."

"A little later the same thing occurred again. This time I was absolutely sure that the story purporting to have been written by me was the work of someone else, for I could swear that the plot and the incidents had come to me only a few weeks before the story appeared, and that I had never, during that time, touched a pen. I at once dictated a letter to the editor—for I was still forbidden to write—informing him that someone had imposed upon him a forgery signed with my name. I signed the letter 'John Ackerman,' for the editor knew me only by that name. You can fancy my surprise when he replied that I had myself brought the story to him, and that we had chatted some time together about it. He gave the date of this alleged meeting, and it was a day when I was at my worst with the pneumonia. Then I began to think that possibly I was going mad."

"But, the more I thought of it, the less the theory that I was mad explained the fact. The editor had assured me that 'John Ackerman' had personally brought him the story which I had thought out while lying on my bed, but had never written. I was certain that the editor was telling what he thought was the truth, but how, then, could I account for my alleged presence at his office? To suppose that anyone had imitated my manner of writing as perfectly as it was imitated in the story in question seemed grossly improbable, but it was not absolutely impossible that it might have been done. To suppose that I had spoken of the story in a state of delirium, and that my nurse had written it and then happened to sign it 'John Ackerman,' without dreaming that there existed any connection between 'John Ackerman' and myself, was next to impossible. To suppose, furthermore, that anyone could have imitated my personal appearance in the character of 'Ackerman' so closely as to impose on the editor, who had seen me and talked with me so many times, was simply unthinkable. And when one came to add all these suppositions together, the mystery grew more insoluble than ever."

"Once more the same thing happened. Another story by 'John Ackerman,' which I had invented but never committed to paper, appeared in print. It was one of the latest stories that had come to me during my convalescence. I had made a few notes of it that would have been intelligible to no one but myself, but not a word as to it had ever passed my lips. And here it was, written out in full, and signed with my pen-name. That happened only three days ago."

"Last evening, for the first time since my illness, I put on my disguise and went to the room where I had been accustomed to work. I thrust the key into the door, but the door was already unlocked. I

opened it, and there by the table sat 'John Ackerman,' dressed precisely as I was at the moment, and wearing the same beard and spectacles. The lamp, which was a large and powerful one, stood at his right hand on the table. It threw the shadow of the big inkstand on the table, but, although the figure sat directly between me and the lamp, no shadow lay on the floor. I stood motionless for a moment. I knew I was not dreaming, but a horrible fear that I had gone mad paralysed me. Then the figure raised its face, looked at me for an instant, and was gone. It vanished instantly, completely. One instant, it was there. The next, the chair was empty, and I was alone in the room. I blew out the lamp and felt my way back to the door. I went straight home and to bed, hoping that a night's sleep might convince me that the whole scene had been merely a dream; but when I awoke I knew that it was no dream. I had seen 'John Ackerman' sitting at my own desk, and, beyond doubt, writing my own stories."

Russell paused and wiped his forehead. The Doctor no longer smiled. "Wait one moment," he said, "and then come with me. We will go to your house, where you can dress yourself as you dress when you act the part of 'Ackerman.' Then we will go together to your Chelsea room. I fancy that we shall find there the explanation of your mystery."

The Doctor left the room for a few moments, and returned with his overcoat and hat. The two men drove to Russell's Bayswater house, where Russell disguised himself as he had been in the habit of doing. Then they re-entered the cab and drove towards Chelsea.

"It is an old saying," remarked the Doctor, "that where there are three doctors there are two atheists. Of course, it isn't true, but it expresses the general opinion that we medical men are prone to disbelief. Now, on the contrary, I have learned to disbelieve

nothing. I have seen in the course of my practice so many impossible things, and have been compelled to believe so many incredible things, that the two words, 'impossible' and 'incredible,' no longer exist for me. If I were to tell you my theory of the experience which you have lately had, you would ask if I, as well as yourself, were insane. But here we are at our destination. Lead the way, please. If the landlady does not meet us, so much the better."

Together they climbed the stairs, without meeting anyone on the way. The house was as still as if it were uninhabited. Probably the landlady and the lodgers were either absent or asleep. Russell tried the door of his room and, as he evidently expected, it was again unlocked.

"Steady," said the Doctor, as he pushed the door softly open; "keep cool, and don't be surprised whatever I may do."

They entered. At the table, in the left-hand corner of the room, sat a figure that, to the minutest detail, was the exact double of the man who stood beside the Doctor. The lamp was burning, and the figure was busily writing with its head bent over the desk.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the Doctor, in a sharp, imperious voice.

The figure lifted its head, looked at the Doctor and his companion, and then rose slowly to its feet. It stood directly in the glare of the lamp, but no shadow lay on the floor, except the shadow of the chair in which the figure had been sitting and on the back of which its hand was resting. The Doctor swiftly drew a pistol from his pocket and fired. Instantly the figure vanished—made itself air, like the witches in "Macbeth"—and in another second the Doctor was bending over the body of Russell, who lay in a dead faint on the floor, with a bullet-wound through his right arm.

### RIVAL CARICATURISTS.



"ARS EST CELARE ARTEM."

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.





"NINE women, two men, a child, and a page-boy," is the humorous way in which Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema has been heard to describe the cast of her new three-Act comedy, "The New Felicity," which the Stage Society is to produce at the Royalty Theatre on Sunday evening next, and on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, 26th and 27th inst. The title might really be changed to that of "A Modern Don Juan," for the romance of that dissipated hero of tradition furnished what may be called the basic idea for the work in much the same way as it was supposed to do for Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," though in his case it remained a supposition pure and simple. The play is modern in thought and spirit as well as in time, and is being produced by the authoress, who has been specially fortunate in being able to secure the services of many of the actors and actresses she desired for the respective parts. Mr. Charles Lander and Mr. Widdicombe will represent the two men, while little Iris Hawkins, who made so great a success in "Everybody's Secret" at the Haymarket, will be the child; and among the women will be Miss Dora Barton, Miss Amy Ravencroft, Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Florence Haydon, and Miss Florence St. John, who will, without doubt, receive a warm welcome on her reappearance on the stage from which she has been absent so long.

At the end of the present month, a long engagement which has been fraught with considerable pleasure to the playgoing public will come to an end. This is the five years' association of Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks at the Vaudeville Theatre with the Messrs. Gatti and Mr. Charles Frohman, which, amongst other things, may be said to have produced, fostered, and developed the musical fairy-story play in which both the leading performers have added to their laurels and their reputation. Mr. Seymour Hicks will be succeeded by Mr. Stanley Brett, who has long been his understudy, and Miss Phyllis Dare will succeed Miss Ellaline Terriss, who, it

Hicks really means. The rumour has got abroad that they are taking with them the chief members of the Company. This is quite incorrect; for the leading members of the Company, like Miss Rosina Filippi, Mr. Sam Sothern, and Miss Ray, will remain at the Vaudeville, where "The Catch of the Season" is so great a success that, whatever other theatres may close when the dog-days come, it is perfectly safe to say the Vaudeville will remain open.

There is one fact in connection with their Majesties' garden-party last week which commands reference on this page, seeing that it is a subject upon which much has, not unnaturally, been heard in the Green-room during the last few days. This was the large number of representatives of the stage who were honoured with commands. Their presence may be taken, to a certain extent, as an indication of the favour with which the theatre is regarded by the most exalted personages in the kingdom; but, more, far more, than that, as tangible proof of the growing esteem in which the actor's calling is being held, as well as its value and its worth as the equal of the other artistic professions. A point particularly worth emphasising is that the actors were not invited, as they so frequently are at fashionable houses, for the sake of entertaining the guests, but were at Windsor for themselves, and themselves alone—a condition which adds considerably to the dignity of the actor's personality, especially as it is one which, as has been suggested, is by no means always present.

Miss Ethel Barrymore is an exceedingly clever actress, as everyone knows, but she is also a very bold one. It is a mark of boldness for any young woman to appear in a part older than she herself really is. This is a fact as patent to those out of the Green-room as to those in it. The reason is, in the first place, that the public is exceedingly apt to confuse the actress with the character she represents, and, in the second, is even more apt to use it as a landmark after a lapse of years to prove that the actress must be somewhere about a quarter of a century older than she really is. This may not matter materially to the artist, but it is likely to be a sore point with the woman, and the line of cleavage between artist and woman is very fine in an actress. Be that as it may, however, Miss Ethel Barrymore has been selected by Mr. Charles Frohman to play "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" next season in the United States, and the unmarried Miss Barrymore—a girl of, perhaps, five or six and twenty—will be called upon to assume, artistically, the dignity of forty, or close on it, with a small family of ready-made, grown-up children to whom she will stand—and sit by the fire—in *loco matris* for some two hours an evening, except when there are matinées, when she will do the same by day. Apart altogether from the vogue which Mr. Barrie's delightful play is likely to have on the other side of the Atlantic, on its own merits, the fact that Miss Barrymore is playing a part so much older than she herself really is, is likely to enhance the attraction of the play from a financial point of view.



"ENIGMARELLE" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME:  
THE MODERN "FRANKENSTEIN" WRITES  
ITS NAME.

"Enigmarelle," which made its—or should we say his?—first appearance at the Hippodrome the other day, is six feet in height, weighs 198 lb., walks straight, at angles, or in circles without assistance, and is able to write its name on a blackboard. It is claimed that it is purely mechanical, and during its performance the legs, arms, and head are removed from it, and the interior of the head and body exhibited. Immediately afterwards it is revived. It is said to have taken ten years to complete, and to consist of 365 distinct parts.



MANY DRINKS FROM ONE SOURCE: MR. DAVID DEVANT'S MYSTIC KETTLE  
AT WORK AT THE ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

will be remembered, succeeded Miss Zena Dare, the "creator" of the leading part. Thus the somewhat unusual fact is to be noticed that a brother succeeds a brother and a sister a sister in the leading parts.

There has, apparently, been some misconception on the part of the public as to what the secession of Miss Terriss and Mr. Seymour

# KEY-NOTES

A VERY brief note, supplementing the portrait recently produced in these columns of Mr. Amherst Webber, whose opera, "Fiorella," was given for the first time in this country at the Waldorf Theatre, some days ago, under the direction of Signor Arnaldo Conti, gave such immediate publicity as was necessary for the moment to the readers of *The Sketch*. The performance of the work was brilliant, a fact which itself proves that there must be some element of brilliance in the work. We look forward to subsequent compositions by Mr. Webber with a good deal of interest, for one may say with all courtesy that a large element of reminiscence was evidenced in the score. It is not worth while to mention in detail such composers as occasionally seem to dominate the creative powers of Mr. Webber; but it may be said off-hand that here and there were touches of Mozart, Rossini, and Wagner. The manner in which the opera was put upon the stage was extraordinarily fine; indeed, so very carefully had the whole thing been arranged that in a charming song written for mandoline, mandolines were actually employed—a little attention which is never by any chance paid to one of the most famous songs from "Don Giovanni," because it would seem plucked strings of the fiddles are supposed to be equally effective. The principal singers were excellent, Madame de Cisneros taking the part of Fiorella and rising easily to the brilliant level of the music, and Pini Corsi being as delightfully humorous as ever. A word of praise also must be given to Signor Angelini-Fornari, and the whole picture, from the scenic point of view, was extremely attractive.

The performance of Gounod's "Faust," at the Royal Opera, brought forward Mlle. Donalda in the part of Marguerite. She is an extremely young soprano, and it is, no doubt, for that reason that she dwells more upon the brilliant side of the part than upon the pathetic side. Of course, the culmination of brilliance in the whole opera lies in that much-sung work known as "The Jewel Song." Here her singing was quite remarkable, not only because of the exquisitely dazzling quality of her technique, but because, despite the quickness and vivacity of the music, she gave to each particular and separate note, no matter what the pace of the tempo imposed upon her by M. Messager, its separate and absolute value; it is so common a matter to hear even fine sopranos slur some of these most exacting passages that, to a large extent, one may even say that this most correct interpretation was something of a novelty. The only thing of the same kind which in quite recent times has surpassed it is Melba's rendering of the same song and the same singer's singing in the mad-scene of "Lucia." Again, in the final and most difficult scene, where the voice is raised higher and higher, though the phrase is left intact, precisely the same parallel may be used. A word must be added concerning the Faust of M. Dalmorès, who sang

splendidly and never once swerved from the pitch, a matter most common even with great tenors, in his rendering of "Salve Dimora."

Mr. Percy Colson, a few days ago, gave a concert at Claridge's Hotel which was patronised by an extremely fashionable audience.

His programme was a lengthy one, but it was of that "popular-without-being-vulgar" kind which appeals both to the lighter-hearted musician and also is a rest to musicians who are concerned with graver works yet who can enjoy light music in its own season. Solomon has told us there is a time for everything, and this was a time for musical gaiety which was charmingly taken advantage of. Among the artists who lent their services for the occasion must be mentioned Mr. Maurice Farkoa, who was quite in his best form in many of his well-known half-song, half-recitation selections, and who, as usual, evidenced a keen, delicate, and sharp sense of humour. Miss Kathleen Broadwood sang Dvorák's "Songs my Mother Taught Me," and many another well-known musician took part in the entertainment.

The Gala night at the Opera, when His Majesty the King accompanied His Majesty the King of Spain, surrounded by every kind of Courtly detail that it would be possible to find in Europe, and even in districts farther Eastern, whether by monarchs themselves, by Ambassadors or by high representatives, was one surely of the greatest magnificence that even London has ever seen. Lest it be supposed that such words are spoken through mere enthusiasm, one has simply to point out that such an event could only have been made possible by the increase, the thousandfold increase, of the possibilities of meeting which is contained in modern travelling. That which in the eighteenth century might have seemed a dazzling affair was multiplied in all its details for this very reason.

The house itself was decorated with most artistic results, the form of ornamentation taking a combination of the white and red rose, symbols of the greatest civil war that ever took place within this island, but which in the end brought into power all the fighting instincts of the race, and therewith all the greatness which has since attached to England. For this, among a thousand other reasons, the scene was impressive, because it will be surely historical, and because it was actually delightful to the eye and appealing to the sentiment. The musical part of the performance was summarised by one Act from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," one Act from "La Bohème," and one Act from "Les Huguenots." Madame Melba, Miss Parkina, Madame Selma Kurz, Madame Destinn, M. Dalmorès, Signor Caruso, Signor Scotti, and others well known in the musical world took part in a most brilliant and splendid piece of musical ceremonial and of ceremonial music. The National Anthems of both countries were played before a most distinguished audience. COMMON CHORD.



A FRENCH OPERATIC ARTISTE WHO WILL MAKE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND SHORTLY: Mlle. ZINA BROZIA.

Mlle. Brozia, who is to make her first appearance in England at the Queen's Hall on the evening of July 3, studied chiefly with the masters of Delna, Calvé, Dalmorès, and other well-known artistes. She made her début at the Grand Théâtre de Vichy two years ago. Mlle. Brozia is now a member of the Company of the Opéra-Comique, Paris.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



Signora Lucca. Mlle. Alice Nielsen. Signor Arimondi. Signor Pini Corsi. Signor Ancona. Signor De Lucia.

"IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA," AT THE WALDORF THEATRE.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.





THE SOUTH HARTING HILL-CLIMB—LOW CONSUMPTION—A REMARKABLE LOW-PRICE CAR—THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE—  
THE ISLE OF MAN TRIALS.

EXCEPT for the cars that actually finished one, two, three in the three separate classes at the South Harting Hill-Climb, the published results of this trial afford the public no information whatever. In its ineffable wisdom the Automobile Club has decreed that neither the times speeds, nor distances in any

seventy per cent. of the engine-power is claimed for the Arrol-Johnstone car at the road-wheels, and the above-quoted consumption goes far to sustain this claim.

There is no denying the fact that the most remarkable low-priced four-cylinder car yet turned out in this or any other country is the 8-10 horse-power four-cylinder Coventry Humber, offered at 225 guineas, with a two-seated body. It was only last month that, observed by Mr. H. Walter Staner, the editor of the *Autocar*, and a very close critic of mechanical matters automobile, this smart little car was driven from Regent Street, London, to the King's Head at Coventry, via the Holyhead road, on a bad day and over heavy, muddy roads on her top or third speed, the car with two up being started on that speed. The gear used on this trip was the normal combination, for on the journey down the car was tested over a level mile or two, and found to have a very high-turn of speed when required. Since this trip this same car, or one like it, finished first in its class in the South Harting Hill-Climb, so that, on the whole, it is not saying too much to describe the 8-10 horse-power four-cylinder Humber as it proceeds from the Coventry works as a credit to the industry on this side of the Channel.

If the actual Gordon-Bennett race is ever held—and, writing before the story of the French Eliminating Trials is to hand, I "hae me doots"—our representative drivers will have some opportunity, as much, at least, as can be snatched between the 17th inst. and the 3rd prox., to become acquainted with this most difficult and dangerous course. It appears that the course has only been closed in order that a fair opportunity may be afforded the *cantonniers* of properly "refecting" the route.

In dealing with the results of the Isle of Man Eliminating Trials, I referred to Mr. Rolls as being third on the Wolseley he drove. From all outward and visible signs available at the time this would have been so; but the secrets of the Controls having been since rendered up, Mr. Rolls stands second in selection for the representation of England in the Gordon-Bennett race next month.

competition carried out on a public highway shall be made known. In a measure, I agree with this, but, in the best interests of everyone, the combined intellect of the Club Committee should surely have been equal to the construction of some scheme of comparison which would allow the comparative performances of each car in each class to be accurately gauged. As it is, all but the placed cars are, in the public eye, now tarred with the same brush, albeit many, probably the majority, of those competing in each class were within a few seconds of each other and the best in their hill-climbing times. It seems to me a very bad arrangement for the makers and very disappointing to the onlooker.

The contrast of the South Harting Hill-Climb with hill-tests of the past by the onlooker serves, at least, to accentuate the enormous strides which automobile construction has made in this particular. South Harting Hill is in its way every bit as severe as Westerham, and yet of all the cars that ran in the competition only one quite failed to climb the hill, and from but two were any passengers spilt in order to allow the vehicle to get over the very bad bit at the Chalk Pit bend. Much credit is due to Earl Russell for his discovery of so suitable a steep for competition, for, although the ascent is situated on a public road, it is a road nearly always innocent of traffic, and, further, one upon which police trouble is not likely to be incurred.

If low consumption proves anything, it proves comparatively efficient transmission; and, from what I know personally of the design and construction of the Arrol-Johnstone cars, the consumption returns in connection with the late Scottish Reliability Trial have but endorsed my opinion of this Scotch-built car. Nevertheless, her economy is something remarkable, and makes the much-dreaded limit of twenty-five miles to the gallon, imposed in connection with the Tourist Trophy to be run later in the year in the Isle of Man, look very small potatoes. The 12 horse-power Arrol-Johnstone, driven by Mr. J. S. Napier in the above-named Scotch Trial, ran through the four days' strenuous driving on the wonderful average of one gallon of spirit to each 43.8 miles of road covered, the next best performance being 35.37 miles per gallon. An efficiency of from sixty per cent. to



THE MOTOR-RACES ON FILEY SANDS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE.



PLOUGHING A LONELY FURROW TO MARK THE COURSE FOR THE FILEY MOTOR-RACES.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COURSE DURING THE MOTOR-RACE MEETING AT FILEY.

The motor speed-trials of the Yorkshire Automobile Club, held on Filey sands the other day, caused a large crowd and very little excitement. The track was distinctly disappointing, and for some time after the cars should have been speeding along it, it was marred by pools of water which labourers were striving to get rid of by strenuous trench-digging. Mr. Cecil Edge, driving a 90 h.p. Napier, broke the Yorkshire record for the mile, attaining a speed of 71.42 miles an hour, eleven miles an hour better than the previous best.

Photographs by the *Topical Press*.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

ASCOT—THE HUNT CUP—OTHER EVENTS—APPRENTICES—CRUELTY.

FOR nearly thirty years I have regularly attended the Ascot Meeting, and I have seldom felt anything but pleased with the surroundings. The Park meetings are facile, but they are not Ascot. True, Goodwood is perfect as a picnic-ground when you get there, but there is the risk attending ascending and descending the Trundle Hill or the Birdless Grove—a risk which often sets our hair on end. Epsom is all right, but it is not Ascot. There is no Royal Procession, no Lawn, no Royal Artillery Band, and no enclosure to show off the ladies' pretty dresses. When you have said that Ascot is Ascot, you have covered the whole of the ground. This year the reunion is, if anything, more lively than ever. Applications for the select enclosure are even more numerous than before, and the same may be said of coach-spaces. No motor-cars are allowed on the Heath—a very wise rule, by-the-bye. The Lawns are in full bloom, the rhododendrons this year being finer than ever. The new covered-way from the station to the course is a great improvement, but it will "queer the pitch" of those men who used to get as much as five shillings for the loan of an umbrella from the grounds to the station on soaking-wet days.

There were originally sixty-three subscribers to the Royal Hunt Cup, for which, like the Stewards' Cup, there is no acceptance, so that the bookmakers are often able to lay non-runners in their ante-post books. The field this year will be a representative one, and the winner should take some finding. When a race is considered to be open, I always suggest backing the first favourite after the numbers have gone up, and this plan often ends well.

It is impossible to say beforehand what will be favourite. Csardas, who won last year, is very likely to run well again—that is, if he goes to the post sound and fit. Romer was going great guns for seven furlongs in the Jubilee, and Nabot likes the course. I like Grey Plume and Whitechapel best, and I think Sir Daniel will run well; but, despite the starting-gate, the start is more than likely to influence the result a lot. The race for the Gold Cup on Thursday should be a pretty spectacle, and may be won by Zinfandel, if he can beat Ypsilanti. The last-named is a much better horse and a much better stayer than many people suppose. If the horse that finishes fourth for the Royal Hunt Cup is in the Wokingham, he is very likely to win that race on the Friday.

I am afraid the majority of the three-year-olds that will run at Ascot are moderate in the extreme. The Coronation Stakes, which is for three-year-old fillies, may bring out a big field. Muskerry will be an absentee, and Cherry Lass is not engaged. I think Amitie, who cut up badly in the Oaks, will be suited by the course, and Sir James Miller's filly should win. For the Ascot Derby, Shah Jehan may run

well, and the rich St. James's Stakes looks a gift for Cherry Lass. According to rumour, we are very likely to see some smart two-year-olds running at Ascot. Black Arrow is pretty certain to win the races selected for him. Alcanzor, in the absence of Black Arrow, should win the New Stakes, as I am afraid the nominations of His Majesty the King are only moderate. For the Two-Year-Old Triennial, Anniversary II. could not beat Black Arrow, and only in his absence should I declare for the former. A race worth watching will be that for the Alexandra Plate, which may be won by Zinfandel, and if Gouvernant is well and is started for the Hardwick Stakes, I cannot see what is to beat the French colt, who certainly should have easily defeated St. Amant at Epsom last year, and would have done so but for the thunder-storm.

I think it only right to call attention once more to the hard case of the apprentices. I do so at the request of a man who has had two boys apprenticed to trainers, and both at one time got plenty of riding; but they are now discarded in favour of the 5-lb. boys; I mean, boys who can claim the 5-lb. allowance. Under existing conditions, a jockey never does much better than when he starts as an apprentice and can draw the 5-lb. allowance; I mean, he gets the cream of the mounts and rides plenty of winners if he happens to be any good at all. Well, the profit all goes to enrich the trainer, who makes exorbitant demands should the boy's services happen to be in big request. When a lad has

passed his 5-lb. period and is no longer an available asset to his trainer for letting out to ride on hire, he is allowed to drift into obscurity; and by the time his apprenticeship has ended he is either standing down or has to find a master on the Continent. I contend that all indentures should contain a clause by which a successful (5-lb.) apprentice could at least claim that 50 per cent. of his earnings should be banked on his own behalf. Trainers do well out of their apprentices, while the fathers of the latter get nothing.

Sir Thomas Bucknill, who is a good sportsman, deserves the thanks of all lovers of animals for having drawn the attention of an Inspector of the "R.S.P.C.A." to the action of two jockeys who ill-treated their horses after a jumping-race at a recent Sandown Park meeting. The jockeys in question were fined at the Kingston Police Court, but I think the National Hunt Committee should have something to say in the matter. If the two jockeys were made to stand down for a time, it might, at least, deter others from following their example. Racegoers as a body resent anything approaching to cruelty, and they would be doing a service to the sport if they copied Sir T. Bucknill's fine example and reported cases coming under their notice. CAPTAIN COE.



AN AUSTRALIAN WHO WILL ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: MR. G. READ.

Mr. G. Read, the famous Australian swimmer, has just arrived in this country in order to compete in the English Championships. He intends also to make an attempt to swim the Channel.

Photograph by Thiele and Co



TWICE PREVENTED FROM PLAYING FOR ENGLAND IN THE TEST-MATCHES: HIRST (YORKSHIRE).

Only his injury prevented G. H. Hirst's appearance in the first Test-Match, and it was thought inevitable that he would succeed Gunn directly he was well enough, especially as he, too, is a left-hand bowler. On the morning of the second Test-Match, however, it was decided to play Haigh in place of him.



JESSOP'S SUCCESSOR IN THE ENGLISH TEAM FOR THE SECOND TEST-MATCH: C. B. FRY (SUSSEX).

Of the twelve players chosen by the Selection Committee for the English team for the second Test-Match, nine took part in the game which resulted in the defeat of the "Cornstalks" at Nottingham. Jessop and John Gunn were discarded in favour of C. B. Fry, Haigh, and Hirst. The latter was left out of the team at the last moment.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE preponderating impression left on the young King who lately visited these "wave-girt shores" must ever remain—the weather, as it behaves in Albion. So it seemed a thousand pities that the King's garden-party day at Windsor could not have been inserted between the moist memories that saturated Alfonso the Thirteenth's visit to this island. Apart, moreover, from incidentals of atmosphere, the immense gathering at Windsor would

was the very embodiment of that girlish, simple charm which has always distinctly characterised the daughters of the House of Connaught.

Brilliant purple, blindingly vivid green, and even shrieking magenta are colours that have been affected by the elect for some few weeks past; and the Park, Ranelagh, and Hurlingham have been reflecting costumes of these unspeakable shades as the last cry—or should it not be scream?—of fashion. It is a sad fact, yet withal a staring one; for at no less than five leading *couturières* has one seen in flamboyant preparation for Ascot these identical primitive hues in muslin, gauze, or taffetas, as the case may be. Some of the long taffetas coats over muslin or embroidered cambric skirts are extremely charming. A well-known French Duchess, who was over here the other day, wore one of these coats in palest lettuce-green taffetas ruched round the hem and sides. The dress was of ivory-embroidered Indian muslin. The coat was made bolero fashion over a high folded belt, with long, all-round basque.

In Paris, by the way, the new manner of wearing the hair has been practically adopted from Gérard et Cie, of 102, Victoria Street, whose "Belgravia" coiffure has proved so becoming as to have been practically accepted by the *chic* Parisienne, who does not usually come to the barbarous island for her modes. Gérard is, however, a power in both lands. He has studied the



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING-GOWN, SHADING FROM WHITE TO PINK.

have contained elements of novelty, not to say wonder, for any European monarch other than our own well-beloved and immeasurably advanced Sovereign. A Royal function to which six thousand guests were bidden must in itself seem unique at Courts where the strict cordon is drawn between those with so many quarterings to their escutcheon and those without. The almost mediæval unapproachableness of Vienna, the intensely rigid punctilio of Berlin, the stately exclusiveness of Madrid could hardly, without witnessing it, admit the possibility of a spectacle where mere ordinary personages rubbed elbows with Ambassadors and High Chamberlains, Eastern potentates and Princesses of the blood. To a liberal, broad-minded, and infinitely tactful monarch like our own all things social are possible, and one here saw its results in the presence of forces which would have been regarded as opposing even twenty years ago. On all accounts, therefore, the scene was not one to be forgotten by those who took part in it. For many a State ceremony had those ancient walls made background, but never before had so many guests or so representative a gathering been assembled by Royalty as at Windsor on Wednesday.

Of Princess Margaret's wedding on Thursday one might almost say the key-note was simplicity. Only a few flowers were permitted to enhance the rare ecclesiastical beauty of St. George's Chapel; and amid the grouping of uniforms and Court costume, Princess Margaret, in bridal white, with a sheaf of Madonna lilies in her hand,



[Copyright.]

AN ATTRACTIVE RIVER-GOWN.

different styles of beauty and configuration of the head feminine to such purpose that a consultation with him always ends in a greatly enhanced exterior, provided his advice be followed. In directing the attention of readers to Gérard, therefore, one has the consciousness of having done a practical kindness, so greatly do his ministrations aid to improve the appearance. For those who like the minimum of trouble with the maximum of beautiful effect, Gérard has entire "transformations" by which a perfect coiffure is attainable in two



minutes. This artist in hair has also feather-weight "side-partings," "devant fringes," curls, poufs, rouleaux, bandeaux, and Venus knows what besides, with which to embellish a woman's crowning glory, her hair; so that, on all counts, he is a person to know and, knowing, to cultivate.

Descending from the coiffure to the subject of complexion, one finds all one's friends singing pæans of praise over Mrs. Adair's marvellous ministrations to the gentle art of beauty. Her Ganesh Forehead Strap, for smoothing out lines, is held up by one; her Eastern Cream, for feeding up the skin and smoothing out wrinkles, by another; a third tells the marvels of her Eastern Diable Skin Tonic, and so the litany of thanksgiving goes forth. Certainly Mrs. Adair has done well for her generation.

Our artist has designed two frocks for a girl staying at Ascot for the week in a gay house-party. Both are worth detailing for the benefit of others who are not asked. The first is of white Indian muslin, with delicate broderie Anglaise worked on the same diaphanous material. Shot gold and white taffetas shows through with a most brilliant sunbeam effect on a much-tilted hat of gold straw with white-embroidered crown; pale heliotrope ribbon is looped, tied, and twisted; the waist-belt and parasol coincide, and the wearer looks suitably charming, *sans doute*. The other frock is a dream of delicate pinks shading to white, with exquisite embroideries of dog-roses and foliage on skirt and bodice, having quite a fairy-like effect on a fair girl.

Together with the revival in other old fashions, a distinct harking back to lavender as a popular scent has lately taken place, and that most refreshing invention of the Crown Perfumery Company known



THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD PRIZES FOR THE CLYDE YACHT CLUB RACES.

The first prize for the Clyde Yacht Club races is a massive gilt cup modelled after the style of the famous Heidelberg cup and cover; the second prize, also gilt, takes the form of a two-handled vase, on which is chased a combination of strap-work and vine ornamentation after the famous Paul Lamerie; the third prize is a plain, solid-silver bowl with dragon handles. All three trophies were made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, W.

as "Lavender Salts" is to be found in the company of most women of sense and sensibility. Perfumes which, by reason of their overpowering presence, went out of favour are now being replaced by essences of the most delicate nature, foremost amongst which stands the crab-apple blossom—a distillation of the Crown Perfumery Company and one of its greatest successes. In the bath-room of a hospitable country-house where our last week-end was pleasantly spent I came on a particularly agreeable brand of pure honey-soap packed into one of those big wooden bowls which have come into general usage of late. My excellent hostess informed me it was Crown Perfumery honey-soap, and I gratefully publish her information in recognition of the satisfaction derived in using it.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

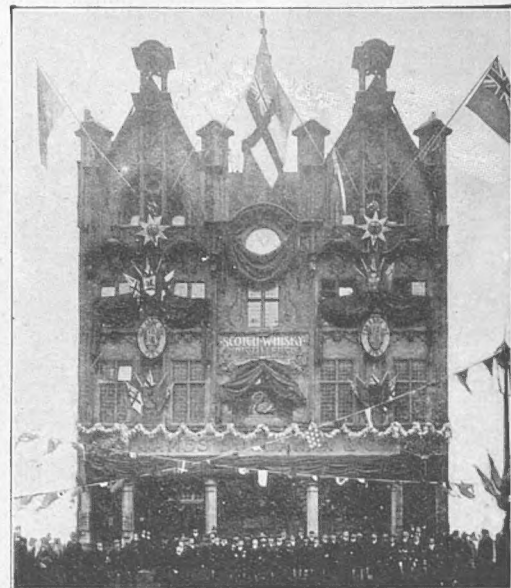
CAPE TOWN.—Naturally you should try for the best, and my vote would be given to Van Houten's cocoa. It is absolutely pure and most nutritious. I cannot think how you could give your children tea for breakfast instead of a wholesome and nourishing beverage like Van Houten. I think you will find it is exported, like all other standard articles of consumption.

SYBIL.

Although Mr. Pinero's farce, "A Wife Without a Smile," did not enjoy any great measure of success either in London or in America, it will, nevertheless, be submitted to the Continental public, for the International Bureau has, through its managing-director, Mr. Ernst Mayer, been instrumental in disposing of the rights for the European countries, Italy and Norway excepted. These rights have been acquired by Messrs. Felix Bloch and Erban, the great impresarii of Berlin. They have arranged that the first performance will take place early in the coming autumn at Mr. Adolf Sliwinski's famous Trianon Theatre

in Berlin, and, shortly after, the play, in French, will be offered for the approval of the Parisian public, which is not dominated by the young lady of fifteen, and will, therefore, perhaps find the humours of the dancing-doll more to their taste than London did.

Contrary to the general expectation when she left London for her flying visit to New York, from which she returned in the middle of last week, Miss Marie Tempest will not revive "The Freedom of Suzanne" at the West-End, and her admirers will perform have to wait some time before they next see her on the stage. After her season in London and the two voyages to and from America, with her appearances in the Empire City of the New World, Miss Tempest may well be forgiven if she feels that she needs a holiday. This she will now take, and will not be seen in public until the first week in September.



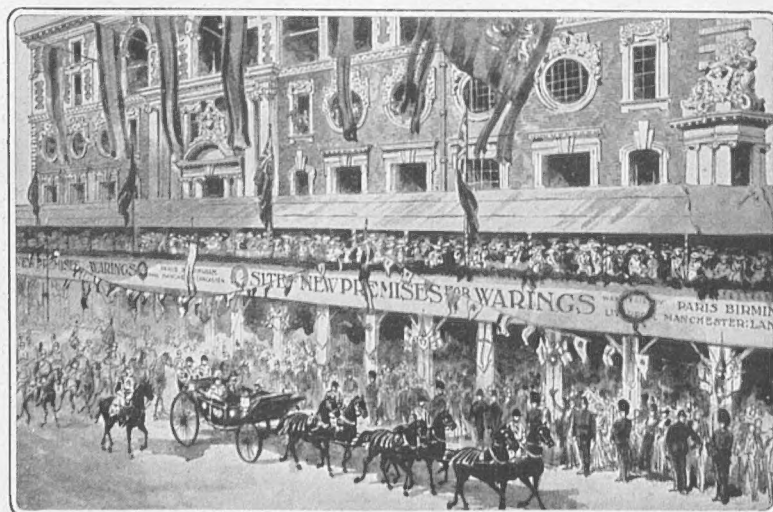
COMMERCE HONOURS THE KING OF SPAIN: MESSRS. JAMES BUCHANAN AND CO.'S PREMISES IN HOLBORN DURING THE RECENT ROYAL VISIT.

Mr. A. Hugh Fisher, whose work is so well known to readers of the *Illustrated London News*, has just opened a most interesting exhibition of his paintings, etchings, and drawings of Italy and other places at the Walker Gallery, 118, New Bond Street. The exhibition continues until Sunday next.

The Continental Tyre and Rubber Company of Great Britain (104-108, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.) has just issued the 1905 edition of its very excellent "Continental Handbook for Automobilists" in Great Britain, which should be in even greater demand than ever. It is given, free of charge, to any motorist who cares to apply for it, a charge of sixpence being made for packing and postage. The book, which is of some twelve hundred pages, contains, amongst other items of interest, sections on the Motor-car Act and regulations, the taxes on motor-cars, the Automobile Clubs of this country and of the Continent, a list of tours, together with a map, and, most important of all, a gazetteer giving an alphabetical list of towns with particulars of oil and petrol dépôts, repairers, garages, electric-charging stations, doctors and hotels, and details as to railway freights, customs and tariffs, and European frontier regulations.

Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., were honoured with the Royal Command to undertake the catering at their Majesties' garden-party at Windsor last week.

By a slip of the pen, we stated the other day that Mr. Fisher Wentworth Dilke, who has recently married Miss Ethel Clifford, was "grandson and namesake of the famous proprietor of the old *Saturday Review*." This should have read "great-grandson of the famous proprietor of the old *Athenæum*."



COMMERCE HONOURS THE KING OF SPAIN: MESSRS. WARING'S NEW PREMISES IN OXFORD STREET DURING THE RECENT ROYAL VISIT.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 27.*

THE Peace negotiations go along in their own sweet way, but no one seems to know whether Russia means business or not, or whether Japan intends to make things easy or difficult. Meanwhile, the trouble between Germany and France is not calculated to sweeten the markets, and gives us a foretaste of what is to be expected from the Kaiser now that Russia may, for a time at least, be considered a *quantité négligeable* in European affairs.

The Venezuelan Debt proposals are sufficiently satisfactory to make their acceptance certain. After all, the naval demonstration, in which most people thought this country was the cat's-paw of Germany, has produced some good; and there is every prospect of the Colombia Debt being arranged as well. If this sort of thing goes on, Honduras will soon be left the only defaulter, and our tip of many months ago, as to the profit which picking up these Central American Bonds at rubbish prices might yield, is being amply justified. We cannot all make money as easily as it is alleged Mr. Meyer did in South Africa, and we fear, even with the best intentions, we cannot give our readers a tip which will yield as good results as the double-contract system criticised in General Butler's report. How it would have made poor Barney Barnato's mouth water if he had lived to hear about it!

## THE GWALIA CONSOLIDATED, LIMITED.

We are continually being asked by correspondents for a cheap share which can be bought as a fair gamble. Such things are, of course, no certainties, and we should like to state the information at our disposal which makes us say that the shares of the above Company are a reasonably good purchase at the present price of about 1s. 3d. each. The existing capital is £47,000, in shares of half-a-crown each; the Company has about £4,000 of accumulated profits in hand, and is making some £500 a month, after paying all expenses. At present the machinery consists of a ten head of stamps, with cyanide plant, filter-presses, and all the necessary adjuncts, the whole of which is in full work. In the mine about 110,000 tons

of ore, averaging slightly over 8 dwt. per ton, has been developed, and, as far as we can see, should yield a profit of from 8s. to 9s. per ton. It is the directors' intention to add, when opportunity offers, a further twenty head of stamps, with the corresponding additions to the cyanide plant; but this will have to be provided out of profits, so that a dividend can hardly be expected this year. On the whole, it appears that a profit of quite £1,500 a month may be looked for when the additional plant is acquired and erected, and this would enable more than 1s. a year dividend to be paid per share, and should make the price at least 7s. 6d. On the whole, for those who want a cheap share, and will run some risks, the Gwalia Consolidated presents a fair chance, and something more.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Street markets look as though they will soon be things of the past," remarked The Stroller to his broker, as the pair of them stood in Throgmorton Street the other evening.

The broker nodded assent. "And this is the place where we used to deal furiously till seven and eight o'clock ten years ago," he added, nodding to the wretched remains of an ill-spent Kaffir Circus.

"When Chartered went to 9, and Gold Fields to goodness only remembers what," interposed a companion who had joined them.

"That reminds me," said Our Stroller, as he dived into a breast-pocket. "I brought something to amuse you"; and he produced two cuttings from a paper. "Read this."

The broker read it aloud. "'Why, therefore, a sane individual should buy the shares of the Chartered Company for even the smallest coin of the realm is incomprehensible.'"

"Now read this. It's from the 'Answers to Correspondents' in the same paper, of the same date."

The broker again read, "'I should be inclined to sell now, and get into Chartered or Rhodesian Bankets.' Did you say the cuttings are from the same paper?"

"Yes; the same paper. They don't seem to think much of their readers' sanity, do they?" and the three men laughed in chorus as The Stroller put the cuttings back into his pocket. "They are too good to be lost," he explained.

"But is this market done for?"—and the third man made a gesture with his hand in the direction of the few Kaffir dealers.

"Close buy Chartered!" cried a spiritless voice. "Buy fifty shares close."

"There you probably have a very small bear wanting to skin a thirty-second profit before he goes home. Oh, these Rhodesian things are no good whatever to our market. What we want are sound, healthy concerns with decent prospects."

"They've all got peace prospects," observed the broker, lighting a fresh cigarette. He used to smoke cigars at one time, some years ago.

"Peace and a 2 per cent. Bank Rate might help us a bit; but, 'pon my word," and their companion sighed, "I'm beginning to despair of ever making a couple of ponies in a week."

"Ought to be thankful to nett them in a month," returned The Broker. "Office expenses don't seem to go down."

"You're both more than a trifle humpy, it occurs to me," Our Stroller put in. "That man over there looks happy enough."

"Hi, Thomas, come and tell us what makes you so chirpy," called the broker. "He's rather a smart jobber"—in an undertone.

"Chirpy? Oh, because I'm going away to-morrow, for one thing; and because I've closed all my bears at a decent profit, for another."

"What're you going away for? You've no right to neglect your business in this shameless way."

"I am impervious to insult," was the affable answer. "We shall be doing nothing in this market until September, anyway, and why shouldn't I make the most of the weather? Now then!"

"My tips are all of the negative order to-night," laughed Our Stroller. "I come down to this Street in order to acquire information, and I've heard of nothing good, so far."

"There's only one certain way to make money in the Stock Exchange—at present," said the traveller, "and that is, to keep away from the markets altogether." He seemed somewhat pleased with his attempt at wit.

"The American Market's the only one where there is anything doing."

"I've just come out of Shorter's Court," volunteered another arrival, "and everybody is going home."

"Same story all over the place,"

commented Our Stroller. "Will Americans go better?"

"Only so long as any public interest attaches to them."

"I'm told they mean to have them much better, in spite of everything," said the broker.

"So I've heard; and I rather think it's going to be true," the last arrival declared.

"Same here," announced the broker's friend who had joined them first.

"Curious unanimity of great minds," The Stroller said. "Americans certainly ought to go better after this."

"Perhaps we're all bulls," and there was a general laugh.

"Ah, well, he who lives longest will lose most," and as the speaker marched off the group dissolved.

"Haven't you got a single thing worth knowing?" persisted The Stroller, as they waited for their iced coffee and Turkish cigarettes.

"For a speculative investment, Manila Railway Debentures," was the reply. "Price is going up ten per cent."

"Do you hear anything about Colombian National Railway shares? I believe they stand about six shillings. I was told—"

"Yes, I know. It's been a very free tip lately," and the broker abstractedly dipped his cigarette into the coffee, spoiling both, as he discovered just afterwards.

"Quite a gamble, I suppose?"

"Oh, quite! You see, the Colombian Government and the contractors got lots of shares for nix, and they naturally want to make a lively market in them. Nor would it be at all unlikely for the shares to go to half-a-sovereign."

The Stroller looked thoughtful. "It's rather like picking honey off thorns?" he suggested.

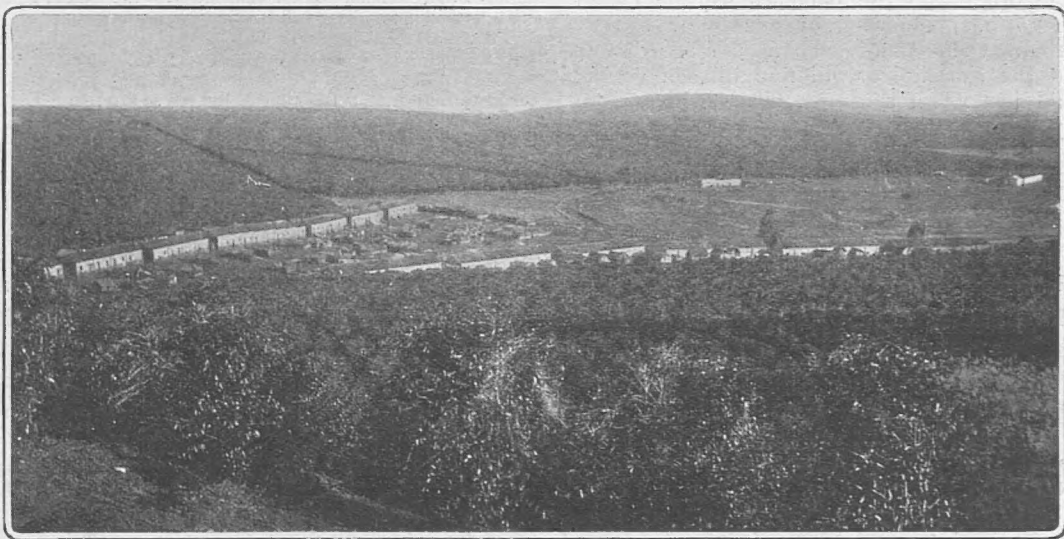
His broker agreed. "Why not have a go at Trunks?" was his proposal. "The Ordinary will, undoubtedly, go better."

"Think so? Don't Trunks lean on Americans?"

"Pretty heavily at times. Not always, though."

"In other words, flatness in Americans makes Trunks dull, whereas a Yankee boomlet has no effect on them, eh?"

"Trunks are an excellent foil for sharpening sarcasm upon," retorted the broker, slightly nettled.



FAZENDA DUMONT: GENERAL VIEW OF A DIVISION, SHOWING COLONISTS' HOUSES.



Our Stroller noticed the little acidity in the tone. "Will you buy me, say, three thousand Ordinary or Thirds?" he asked. "Take whatever profit you think best."

The broker thanked him, and, after vast haggling, dealt at a sixteenth price in Ordinary with a jobber sitting at the next table. "I think you will get a point profit," was his last remark to our friend, as they shook hands and said good-bye.

"Right. I will go and spend five-and-twenty pounds in anticipation," and off The Stroller walked, with just a faint twinkle of a smile in his eyes.

#### THE SCENE OF THE TRUSTEES AND EXECUTORS CORPORATION.

Like many of the proposals which originate in the clever brain of Mr. G. A. Touch, the chief fault of these proposals is the apparent complexity of the whole thing. It is true that, when it is straightened out, this difficulty is more imaginary than real, but what is self-evident to the Chairman and to most capable business-men, is the veriest nonsense to the large number of small shareholders who form a very fair proportion of the proprietors. In our issue of the 7th inst., we referred to the forthcoming proposals, and our readers cannot have been taken by surprise by the Company's circular. Put shortly, the object of the scheme is to get rid of the uncalled liability upon the shares, and to do this the debenture stockholders are pacified by an increase of interest from 4 to 4½ per cent.; for, in substance, they get nothing else of value, a concession which will cost the Corporation £1,000 a year. In other words, they get £10 or £12 added to the market value of their security, and, of course, they will not be so foolish as to refuse the present. The shares, which are of the nominal value of five guineas with £2 5s. paid, are to get out of profits a bonus of 7s. 6d. added to their paid-up amount, making them £2 12s. 6d. (or one-half) paid. They will then be split into two shares of a nominal value of £2 12s. 6d. each, with £1 10s. paid on one and £1 2s. 6d. paid on the other, and the balances will be called up; but arrangements are to be made whereby guarantors will be found to purchase one of the new shares for such a sum as will pay the call on the other, and the shareholder will find himself with a £2 12s. 6d. share fully paid instead of a £5 5s. share with £2 5s. paid, or, if he likes to pay £2 12s. 6d. per present share out of his own pocket, he will have two new shares fully paid for his old one partly paid.

The chief objection is, half the shareholders won't understand it, and that to bring all this about 2s. per share out of profits, or £20,000 in all, is to go to the guarantors. There was no reason for

this haste, and, if the reserve had been steadily increased, and the proposed bonus added to it, there would have been little difficulty in transferring such reserve from time to time to the amount paid up until the whole liability was in a few years wiped out, and all necessity for a complicated scheme at an end. In that case, the most illiterate or incompetent shareholder would have soon understood what was going on, and, in the meantime, the price of the shares would have steadily and continuously mounted, because of the confidence inspired, to probably considerably above intrinsic value, but then the necessity at the head of affairs of a financial genius who can juggle with figures even more skilfully than Cinquevalli with cannon-balls, would not be self-evident.

Saturday, June 17, 1905.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ANSCHUS.—(1) Try "Options," by L. R. Higgins, price 3s. 6d., or Castelli's "Theory of Options," 2s., both published by Effingham Wilson, 54, Threadneedle Street. (2) All markets are dull, and in this case the Stock Exchange does not half believe in the resumption of dividends. (3) The Egyptian is very speculative. The Board do not inspire us with confidence.

TRAMS.—(1) We think so. The shares are ex. div. on the Account next after the declaration. (2) Westminster or Charing Cross, but not for a rapid rise.

MONTROSE.—Our lack of faith is caused by our dislike of the way the country is administered, and our belief that nothing in the way of prosperity can be expected until a complete alteration is made. The whole country is drifting straight to bankruptcy.

AN INDIAN INQUIRER.—To undertake inquiries such as you suggest would mean finding out the state of the trades for whom the Company in question make machinery, and we really cannot undertake it.

A. C. D.—(a) The Morning Post. (b) The Financial Times.

J. F. L.—Thank you for your letter. We should be obliged if you would supply the particulars, and we will consider them.

S. B.—The dividend should be declared about the middle of August. The new stock ranking is 16,900,000 dollars, and the old 84,500,000 dollars.

WANDERER.—(1) We know the people connected with the clothing business expect a return of better times; but, of course, competition is much greater than it was a few years ago. (2) The other Company seems to us a declining concern, but the dividend should not be in danger.

The directors of Carreras, Limited, have declared a dividend on the Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares for the half-year ending on June 19. Warrants were posted on Monday last.

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